


IN AN ELEPHANT
CORRAL
AND OTHER TALES OF
WEST AFRICAN
EXPERIENCES



ROBERT
HAMILL
NASSAU



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R. H. Nassau

Jan'y 29th 1919.

In an Elephant Corral

*And Other Tales of
West African Experiences*

Amble, Pa
Jan'y 28th, 1919

My dear nephew,

Your very
interesting letter, of date the 20th,
came to me on the 21st.

I have only one copy of my
"In an Elephant barrel" (a
marked copy). So, as I
apprehend that you wished
the "author's compliments"
inserted, I immediately
sent your postal money
order to publisher Hale.
And, when the copy
arrives, I will promptly
forward it to you.

Yes, I distinctly remembers
that target shooting, in the
back-yard of my father's
Serrisway in Lawrenceville.
The family were all gathered
for a Re-union. I can not
ascertain the exact year.
I had gone to Africa in
July 1861. And my first
return was in Feb'y 1872.
That Re-union may have
been in the Spring of 1872;
more probably, in the Spring
of 1873; possibly, in the
Spring of 1874, just before my
return to Africa.
The history of that rifle is:

Mr. Kassear, without my knowledge, had decided to make me a present of a rifle. (I had had a double-barreled gun.) She engaged your father to select and forward it. (I think that it cost \$25.) It arrived at our Benito home, in Nov. 1868; the birth-month of my son Charles F. Kassear.

I carried that rifle into the Ogowe River, when I started it, in Sept. 1874; and used it there until I came, on another furlough, to America, in 1891. Then, Charles wanted

"I, as a memento of his

He has carefully kept
to the present day; though he
does his hunting with a
more modern gun.

Though I became a good
marksman, I have not
your enthusiasm; and can
not resent the exact dimen-
sions, caliber, &c, &c, of the
rifle. I have not seen it for
many years; but, your de-
scription reminds me of it.

With best salutations to

Yours Wells,

Yours sincerely
R. H. Nassau

P.S. Charles (Major C. F. Nassau)
my surgeon-son, in charge of Base
Hospital 38, in France, will return
to the U.S. next month.

R. H. N.



In an Elephant Corral

*And Other Tales of
West African Experiences*

BY

ROBERT HAMILL NASSAU, M.D., S.T.D.

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and other books.



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IN AN ELEPHANT CORRAL

I

THE TRANSFORMED MATRICIDE

When I removed, in 1865, from Corisco Island to Benita, fifty miles north on the mainland, among the many night-voices (more numerous than those of the Island) was one which, by its plaintiveness, struck me as most distressing. So much so, that for some time I thought that residence there would be unendurable. It came early in the evening, in only certain seasons of the year, and did not continue all night. On the night air the voice arose low and sad, and, swelling in a gradual crescendo for several seconds, as gradually sunk in a diminuendo of several seconds, like a long drawn-out sigh, an "Ah"! of grief. The cry was probably at a mating-season.

When I asked the Benita people what it was, they persisted in saying that it was a Snail, though

none of them admitted ever having seen it in the act of making the sound. I laughed at them. "Have you ever seen it making that sound?" "No." (Indeed it would be impossible to see it in the act; for it cried only at night, or in the dusk of the afternoon.) "How do you know, then, that it is a Snail?" "Our fathers told us so." "Do you know any one who himself has seen it?" "No." So I suggested, "Is it not a bird?" "No." "Or is it not a monkey or lemur?" "No."

That conversation I have repeated with hundreds of natives in the subsequent forty years. They all insisted that it was a Snail. Some of them showed me a common snail, quite as large as one's fist, called Kâ. I did not believe that that was the creature. For the ordinary Kâ was common on Corisco Island; and I had not remembered hearing that voice there; only on the mainland. It is very often heard at Libreville in the Gaboon. It often seemed to be only a few hundred yards distant. Never in an open place. Always in low grounds, and in dense clumps of palm trees and other thickets. Just such places as the Kâ is accustomed to inhabit. But such places are not desirable spots to investigate in the dark. There are there certain biting Ants, and

probably Serpents, and possibly a Leopard. My curiosity often led me to approach the spot from which the voice seemed to come. Then it would cease; and I would seem to hear it in an almost opposite direction. Indeed, I was able to hear it from almost any direction which I imagined it came from.

Finally I gave up the effort to make the natives admit that the animal was either a bird or a lemur; and I admitted that I could believe it was a Chameleon. For, the Chameleon is often seen with the skin of its throat very much puffed. It is possible for air, slowly expelled by it, to make the sound that I had been hearing. And, as the sound was heard at only certain seasons of the year, I assumed that it was a mating-call. However that might be, my native friends still insisted that it was a Snail. And they told me the legend as to the creature's origin:

Long ago there was a human child, a boy, the only child of its mother: they two living alone. One day the boy went out to gather greens for his dinner. He gathered a large quantity, and brought them to the mother, saying, "Mother, cook these for me." A quality of that leaf is that, on being cooked, it shrinks so that an apparently large number of leaves will make only a small

plateful. When the leaves were cooked, and the mother called her son to come and eat them, he was surprised at their small amount; and he accused her of having eaten some herself. In his anger he struck her a violent blow. And she sank to the ground, dead.

Then a torrent of remorse overwhelmed the matricide, and he cried out, "Ah! me—I—killed—my—mother!"

Njambe the Creator did not put him to death. But, as a punishment, he transformed him into this big, new kind of snail, that is never able to forget its crime, but is always wailing, "Ah! me, I killed my mother!"

The persistence of the natives in asserting that the creature is a Snail led me to show a Kâ that I had preserved in methylated spirits to a scientific gentleman in the United States. To my surprise he said that the anatomical structure of the Snail's lungs, and their position inside the convolutions of the shell, made at least a possibility that the native assertion was true. If it be anatomically possible for that sound to be made by a snail, then it must be by a species larger than any I have seen.

My Batanga friend who gave me this tale told

me that the creature was not the common Kâ, but a rare kind many times larger: "as large as his head," and that he had seen its shell, called Idibavolo. But, if so, why had I not met even with the shell in localities where the sounds were heard every night for several weeks? He is the only person who has told me that he had seen it. And he added the following folk-lore account of that Snail's first appearance among the Animals.

Ko (Wild-Rat) originally lived up on the trees. She bore children. So she placed them in a small box (as a cradle).

One day she went to seek food on the ground. In her absence, Idibavolo (a Giant Snail) came and dwelt in that cradle of Wild-Rat's children. It began then to cry out, "â! Â! A! Â! A! Â! â!"

Wild-Rat, terrified at the sound, returned and sought in vain a way by which to get back to her children. Fearing that strange outcry, she dreaded to climb the tree. She was doing nothing but standing on the ground, and crying out for her young ones. She spoke to Etoli (House-Rat), and said, "Go! and take for me my children!" When House-Rat started there he became afraid. Then she sent Ihuka (Mouse); with the same result. And Ngomba (Porcupine),

the same way. And Mbalanga (Antelope) was the same. Ngweya (Hog), the same. Ngubu (Hippopotamus) was the same. Nyati (Ox) was the same. Njâku (Elephant) was the same. All the beasts were afraid in the same manner.

Finally Wild-Rat called upon Ngâmbe (Igwana), saying, "Go, you, because you are deaf" (and therefore could not hear the terrifying outcry). Then all the beasts got angry, and struck Igwana (for presuming to go on an errand on which they had all failed), saying, "Even we, we failed and how much rather that you will fail." But Igwana said, "I shall arrive there!"

Then he climbed up, and discovered an enormous Snail, such as the Beasts had never before seen. He took it, and he lowered it down to the ground. He let down also the children of Wild-Rat, who then said, "I will not live any longer up on the trees." Since that time she stays in holes in the ground, afraid of Idibavolo's human-like shouts.

II

NGUVA'S CHAIN

In 1877, when I was clearing away the forest on the Kângwe hillside, near the site of the present French Lembarene Military Post and Trading-houses in the Ogowe River, for the building of my first Ogowe station (after abandoning my actually first attempt of two years previous at Belambila, among the Akële tribe twenty miles farther up the river), there came to me for employment a heathen young man named Nguva.

I did not know how old he was. Natives there did not know their own age. They had no records of time. I supposed he was at least seventeen. He was rather tall, large-boned, brusque of speech, coarse-featured, and of ungainly manner. I was not pleased with him, but I engaged him; partly to gratify his Christian cousin Aveya (the favored stroke of my boat's crew), and partly because I was needing more laborers in pushing the job I had on hand. Nor was I any

better pleased a few days later, when I bade him climb a certain tree and cut off some of its branches, at his telling me that he could not and would not climb that tree. As to the "could," I believed he was lying; as to the "would," I regarded it as simple disobedience. I asked no employee to do what I was not able or willing to do myself. So I climbed the tree, and then ordered him to follow me. He unwillingly obeyed, and bunglingly did the task of lopping the branches. I saw that he had no skill. Indeed, I regarded him as deficient in common sense.

I learned, by acquaintance with him subsequently, that I had been unjust in my estimate. Not all native Africans can climb trees in our style, i. e., "shinning up" a bare trunk; and only some can climb in a peculiar method of their own. I found that his apparent stupidity was only ignorance and lack of culture.

He remained in my service. I taught him to row (all the natives, male and female, knew how to paddle). With his strong arms he became useful as one of my boat-men. I taught him the use of tools, and he became one of my carpenters. He learned to read; not in regular school hours, but in the irregular instruction I could give him at the two hours noon rest, and at night, after the

day's work on the new building was done. Under the light of Christianity and the breadth of education, his face grew bright, and the ungainliness and unskillfulness disappeared.

He was one of the first six converts, who were organized two years later, in November, 1879, into the First Ogowe church, at Kângwe. That small ingathering had been made after five years of patient toil, diligent itineration, faithful preaching, and painful trial. As long as the heathen saw no apparent fruits of my labor they did not oppose it. But, when they saw that first Communion Table they were angry that their sons renounced heathen rites. They raged. Satan imagined a vain thing. They threatened to kill the Christians.

There was a heathen secret society, called Yasi, composed only of men. It enacted laws for the government of the community. (That was previous to the establishment of French authority on that river.) Sometimes those laws were in the interest of good order. Often they were for the enforcement of evil customs. Women and lads and girls were bound to believe and say that the Voice they heard announcing laws for them, from time to time, in the Lodge on the edge of the forest at the outskirts of the village, was a Spirit's

voice. To deny that, or to disobey any order made by that Voice, was, in those heathen days, punishable with death. Even a parent of an offender might not plead for his life. Rather, the father was expected to be the first to ask Yasi to "eat," i.e., to kill, his offending son or daughter; and they always were killed by some appointed member of the Lodge.

Those six church members and the thirty other young men and lads in my school had discovered that what their fathers had asserted about that Voice was a lie; for those young men had themselves been initiated into the Society. At first, though they then found that they had been deceived, they had united, under fear of their oath, and as heathen, in the interest of the control of women and children, in continuing the deception on to others. Now, as Christians, they felt they should not propagate a lie. I had never preached against Yasi by name. I preached only the Gospel. But now the native chiefs, old men in the Society, friendly to me on other matters, began to upbraid me. They said: "You are a man and know all about this Voice; but you are revealing it to the women, and are teaching our children to disobey us." I replied that I had never publicly talked about Yasi; that it was their

own custom, not mine; that the Gospel in the hearts of their children, not I, could and would change their customs; that their sons were of an age to be free to do as they pleased; that I had not compelled them to disown Yasi; that themselves had voluntarily done so, because they believed it right to do so; that my Gospel taught obedience to parents, but not obedience to a lie. The old men were displeased; but various interests smoothed over the affair, and the subject was dropped.

Later, one day, two of those young men and the school-children asked my permission to have a mock Yasi procession as a play, on the Mission premises. I asked them, "Will you dare to play it in your villages?" They replied, "No, our fathers would kill us." "Then," I said, "be cautious; you are too few. Wait until the number of Christians increases. At present your act is not necessary for the Truth, and will only exasperate our enemies." But they felt bold and safe under my protection on the Mission premises; and they unwisely had their play. Instantly the whole surrounding region was aroused in indignation. The Mission premises were boycotted. No native visited us, or would sell us labor, provisions or anything else, except a few very special friends of

mine and female relatives of the pupils, who secretly at night brought us food. The few school-girls were taken away by their fathers, and were beaten for having been spectators of the play. Threats were made that the white man's house would be burned. Reports came daily, shouted from passing canoes, that each night the premises would be assaulted by the Yasi society. And nightly my young men, armed, patrolled the ground as sentries.

Some of the frightened school-boys excused themselves to their parents that they had been only spectators. And the heathen rage limited itself to naming, as its objects, the six church members and some half dozen inquirers. It centered itself on Nguva as one of the two leaders in the play. He trusted that his family loved him well enough to save him against Yasi's wrath. And, with a generous desire to distract the animosity of the neighborhood from me and the school, proposed going temporarily to his own village. I urged him to remain, not believing that he would be safe even among his own relatives. But he thought that they would fight for him, and that the smaller premises of his village would be more readily defended than the very extensive outlines of Kângwe Hill.

So, by night, in a canoe, accompanied by Ntyuwa, a school-boy, he slipped down river, fifteen miles, to his village, which was one of a cluster of hamlets constituting the large town of Ovimbiano in a district called Wâmbâliya. My judgment was better than theirs. In a few days came word that, whatever sympathy or defense some of his relatives may have been disposed to give him, it had been overbalanced by the sentiment of the other families of the town; and his own father had formally "invited" Yasi "to eat" him. His cousin Aveya and the other Christians looked anxiously for me to say something. I, too, was anxious; desirous to do rightly, but uncertain what was right. My silence disappointed them. It disappointed also my fellow-missionaries, who wished me to rush to arms and fight for the rescue of Nguva. My painful silence was misjudged. In that little bamboo-palm house (the only white dwelling at that time constituting the "Station"), besides my sister, Miss Isabella A. Nassau, living with me, there were visitors, H. M. Bachelier, M.D., and Mrs. Bachelier, two new missionaries (who expected to take my place two months later, when I should go on a furlough for my health to America), and two other missionaries visiting for a health-change from Baraka, their

seaside station, at Libreville, Gaboon, viz., Mrs. Jenny Lush Smith, and Mr. Peter Menkel, captain of our Mission sailing vessel, the *Hudson*. They were all restive at my delay of a single day; the more restive because I alone had charge and control of the Station, its funds, and the boat *Nelly-Howard*. This was a perfectly built and handsomely equipped six-oared barge, thirty feet in length, sent me by a Sabbath School in Jersey City, at the suggestion of its Superintendent, my University class-mate, Samuel Forman, M.D., and named by me for his two little children.

I reasoned with my associates thus: "We missionaries are sent to preach, not to govern politically. If persecution comes to the natives they must accept it, and stand or fall with their own people. The Mission has not the force to act on more than the defensive, nor the authority to undertake anything, on the offensive. If Nguva were on these premises I would defend him and the premises. If he is to be defended in his own village it must be on the voluntary motion of his fellow-natives. Lame and scarcely able to walk with boils on my limbs and chigoe sores on my feet, I am too weak in health to fight, even if it were right. In two months I leave for America. If I begin a contest I must stay and carry it out.

If I begin and fail, I will not be here; and must, from the unpleasant position of defeat, leave the responsibility of the defense of the church and the Station on Dr. Bacheler's hands; for which, however willing he may be to assume it, others may blame me for leaving him in a conflict which I had precipitated."

My remarks did not carry conviction, other than of my conscientiousness. As a change of subject I took my visitors that afternoon on an excursion upriver in the *Nelly-Howard*, on the way stopping at the English Trading-house of Hatton and Cookson, whose agent, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, was a Scotch Presbyterian, and a generous friend of the Mission. He, too, had heard of Nguva's capture and danger. He had seen him at the Lord's Table only three weeks before, and (a rare thing with white traders there) had welcomed him as a Christian. He, too, friendly as he was with me, flushed in anger at my hesitation as to what he thought was duty, and he joined in Dr. Bacheler's outspoken words as he stood by my boat at the water side, "If this boat were mine it already would have been on its way to rescue Nguva!"

I was stung; but quietly replied, "Dr. Bacheler, the boat is at your service. I do not see it my duty

to go. But I will not be your conscience. And, as to the Mission funds, as you are soon to succeed me, they, too, are at your service." At his request I immediately bought ten flint-lock "trade" guns from Mr. Sinclair's store. And Dr. Bachelor engaged with Mr. Sinclair to be joined by him at my house early next morning. I noticed that my canny Scotch friend did not provide a crew from among his many employees. He would come with them in his own boat only as far as my house. I, in the meanwhile, was to seek a crew for the *Nelly-Howard*. That evening was the usual weekly Prayer Meeting. We talked about and prayed for Nguva. My position was a painful one. Not that I *opposed* my associates; but that I could not see duty as they felt. I stood alone. I repeated to the natives the reasons I had given to my white companions; and added, "I advised against your Yasi play. What I expected has happened. Your people probably will not kill us white people, unless in sudden anger. They will kill you in cold blood. If Dr. Bachelor wishes to assume the risks of this matter I will not object. You are my employees; but I will not *order* you to go with him. If you volunteer I will furnish you with guns and powder." To my gratified surprise the young men, to the num-

ber of fifteen, jumped to their feet. Among them were three visitors, Christians, coast-trade attendants of my white guests. I selected ten of the strongest and most reliable. That night I superintended the preparation of the boat, food for the journey, tools, weapons, medicines, bandages for possible wounds, and all the minute details of forethought for emergencies. Mr. Menkel had not been enthusiastic; but he was now drawn into the expedition, under the wave of excitement, to take charge of the boat's tiller-ropes. The next morning they started early, Dr. Bachelor, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Menkel, and the ten natives. Thirty hours later, at noon of the next day, they returned, a tired, exhausted party, accompanied by Ntyuwa and Nguva, the latter carrying a heavy chain. They told me their story:

Pulling rapidly down river the fourteen miles to Aveya's village on the left bank, they had stopped there to eat at noon. They could get very little satisfactory information (the heathen suspecting their errand) other than that Nguva was still living. After eating, the company went one mile farther down to Ovimbiyano, on the right bank. The boat's coming was seen, and it was recognized; for, it was the only white-painted ship's boat in the river (the white traders, up to

that time, had traveled in native-made canoes or dug-outs). As the *Nelly-Howard* touched the Ovimbiano landing several armed men jumped out of the bushes. But, though with guns in their hands, they allowed the stronger force of eight guns (five remaining to guard the boat), especially protected by the prestige of Winchester rifles, the superior weapons of the three white men, to pass up the street to the public council-house (commonly called "palaver-house"). There there was a short discussion of diplomatic inquiries by the white men, and equally diplomatic replies by the natives, who barely suppressed their anger at the evident intention of Nguva's rescue. They denied any knowledge of his whereabouts, and broke out into savage threats to kill him and all his sympathizers native and foreign. Ntyuwa was there, as yet free, and ignorant where Nguva was; only aware (as he secretly informed Dr. Bachelier) that he had been taken away, so that the place of his execution might not be known to Christian friends. The party started to return to the boat-landing in close order, guns in hand; for, an excited crowd followed them. Directly across the river was Atangino, a village of a brother-in-law of Aveya. He suggested that perhaps they could obtain information there. But

on nearing the boat a little boy whispered to one of the party that Nguva was in chains at a certain village three miles further down on the left bank. They at once decided to go there. As they pushed off, Ntyuwa, who, taking advantage of the temporary emptiness of the upper part of the town, had gathered his few treasures of books and clothing in a little box, suddenly emerged from the bushes, and sprang into the boat. He had judged, from the fierce words in the "Palaver" house, that he was no longer safe there. As a blind to its destination the boat sped across the river, as if to Atangino; but, being gradually carried downstream by the current, it disappeared behind an intervening point, the Ovimbiano people not suspecting the party's knowledge of Nguva's locality. Coming to that lower village about 3 p. m., the hour was favorable, the able-bodied men and women not having yet returned from their labors in forest and plantation (after their noon rest), and therefore few but the aged or children, or sick, would be at home. Even they were probably lying down, as the day was still hot. The landing was steep; a perpendicular clay bank; river deep; current strong. The bank was ascended by rude steps cut in its face, to the level of the street, ten feet above.

Dr. Bachelier, who had formerly been a soldier in the U. S. Army, planned the details of the attack. Mr. Menkel, with Ntyuwa (who was the only one unarmed) and one other native, were to remain in the boat, and be ready for emergencies; Dr. B. and three natives were to picket themselves among the plantain trees at the rear of the houses on one side of the single street (on which all native villages are built); Mr. Sinclair, also with three natives, to picket at the rear of the other side; and Aveya, with the two remaining bravest ones, depending on their knowledge of the interior of native houses in general, and of that village in particular, were to rush with shouts up the middle of the street, in order to terrify by their suddenness whatever people might be there, and also that Nguva might recognize his voice, and, by responding, reveal his own exact locality.

The plan succeeded. At that hot hour no one happened to be at the open water side, and the steep bank hid the boat's presence. The three attacking parties rushed shouting to their assigned places. Aveya's shout of Nguva's name was instantly responded to by Nguva himself. The village, as expected, was empty, except of a few women and old men; who, surprised and con-

fused by the shouts on all sides, dared at first no other than vocal resistance.

Nguva was found chained to a post in a certain house, with one foot fast in the wooden stocks. A few blows of an axe split the stock; a few more blows cut the iron staple that held the chain. Gathering up the slack of the chain that was yet padlocked to one ankle and to one arm, and brandishing a sword that was quickly placed in his one free hand, with a shout for freedom, he brushed aside the old man who was acting guard, and, surrounded by the now concentrated force of the two white men and nine natives, he was hurried into the boat, which at once pushed out into the stream.

Yells of rage followed them from the few old men in the village, who now hastened to load their guns, and called across the wide stream a warning to other villages to intercept the boat. (Native Africans can send their voices amazing distances.) That warning was carried from village to village on both sides of the river, as the boat swept up mid-stream. Shots were fired at it from angry crowds that ranged the banks. But the native "trade" guns are of short range; the river was wide; and the boat was kept in the middle, speeding, even against the current, like a little steamer under the strong, long, regular strokes

of its crew, flying for their lives. These strokes were excited, but were kept under control by the white leaders, who forbade the loss of time that would have followed had they yielded to their crew's wish to return fire to the slugs that fell but a little short of them. That return fire was to be reserved for the possible necessity of an attack at close quarters. Canoes did put off from the shore; but the pursuers could not overtake the boat; and those who awaited its advance upstream hesitated to come too near to the guns (one white and three natives on each side of the boat) that protected its six oarsmen. With Nguva, there were now twelve natives. When the six at the oars began to tire, the six gunners sprang to their relief, exchanging guns for oars. So, with unslacked speed, the graceful *Nelly-Howard* ran the gauntlet for miles, until the invariable six o'clock sunset, as the boat passed the limit of the Galwa villages, and came to a Fang town. There the party was safe to stay all night. Not that the Fang have not a superstition as great as, and resembling, the Yasi. But they did not hold themselves bound to take up the quarrel of another tribe against a white man. (The lack of any solidarity among African tribes has been a prime factor in the success of their invasion by foreign powers.)

The next morning the boat was safely and comfortably rowed home to Kângwe. The presence of Mr. Sinclair in the boat was undoubtedly a large cause of the success of the expedition. To South African natives, the life of almost any white man, as a source of wealth to them, is too valuable to be destroyed. This explains why those natives endure so much from white brutality. That brutality or injustice (from their point of view) must have become extreme before they will make use of the ready knife, spear, arrow, poison or gun. And in this case, Mr. Sinclair's life was more valuable than the missionary's. But he, frightened at the possible consequences to his ivory and rubber trade, if the natives should extend to him their boycott of me, hastened to excuse himself to them that the boat was mine, not his.

Mr. Menkel, who had borne himself efficiently in the affray, now began to doubt its wisdom.

But Dr. Bachelier still was enthusiastic, and was willing to assume the entire responsibility. The natives, however, settled that question by a message to me, stating that they had nothing to say to my passenger, Mr. Sinclair; nor to my visitors, Dr. B. and Mr. M.; that they held me responsible for my boat and my guns; that they would not "see" me at their towns; and that they would at-

tack me on my next journey down river. Their logic was orientally correct. Every host is held responsible for any doings of his guests. The responsibility which, in doubt of duty, I had declined was now forced on to me. I hastened to accept it. That native phrase, "not see you at my town," is a well-understood threat and defiance. Of course, to refrain from going to that very village, and thus face the threat, would be construed as cowardice. It was impossible to go at once, as we all were making final arrangements for going to the annual Mission-meeting at the seaside Station in Gaboon. I winced under the probable imputation of fear, as, passengers on a river steamer, with our boat in tow, we six missionaries, with our native attendants, sped by that village a week later in the close of December. But I arranged with Dr. Bachelor that, on our return, a month later in January, 1880, when I should come back, to formally pass the Station over to his charge, I would make a demonstration.

I did so. We started the seventy-five miles from Libreville to the river's mouth in Nazareth Bay, not by steamer, but by the Mission sailing vessel, the *Hudson*. My boat I had left with a friendly chief in the Bay; and Dr. B. had brought with him another boat, in tow of the *Hudson*.

With these two crafts we began the week's ascent of the river, both being laden with the belongings of the three new missionaries.

At the close of the sixth day, we were only a few miles below the village, the scene of Nguva's rescue, on the other side, but hidden from it by a point of land. We camped for the night, enjoyed the evening prayers with the forest canopy; slept well; woke refreshed, and early started across and up river, keeping that point of land between us and the town. I claimed the advance, with Mrs. Smith; Dr. and Mrs. Bachelier following in the other boat. Flags decorated both boats. My Winchester repeating rifle was leaning hidden under the thatch-covered canopy end of the *Nelly-Howard*, where sat Mrs. Smith protected in the stern-sheets, and my hand was near its muzzle, as I stood up and out of the canopy's open end, to face whatever might occur, and to act as occasion might indicate.

The crews, some of them members of that rescue expedition, broke into a brilliant boat-song, as we neared the point. (Crews liked to pass all towns with shouts and display.) The display certainly was impressive as, in the bright morning light, we swept around that point and into close sight of the village, whose inhabitants, hearing the

songs, knew that boats were coming, but did not know who; for they had not seen our approach. According to custom, they gathered to see the display, and to seek sale of their food supplies. Even against the swift current the boats came splendidly, racing forward under enthusiastic sweeps of the oars, to the very landing of the town; then swerved and passed. From the crowd on the top of the bank there were shouts of admiration at the maneuver. Though many were armed, those arms were not necessarily for us; for almost all these natives went armed. But none of our guns were in sight. Perhaps my audacious taking up of their defiant gauntlet startled them. They held up fowls, yams, and other articles for sale. (I felt sure that these were not a decoy. Had I not come unsolicited within a few yards of them?) They called to me to stop and buy. (The boat, crowded with goods, aroused their cupidity. This white man who thus brings these things is too valuable to be injured!) I waved a laughing welcome, promising to come again, and giving, as the reason for my haste, that the ladies were tired of their long journey, and we were trying to reach home that day. There was pleasant badinage between our crew and their male and female acquaintances ashore;

praise of the boat's handsome appearance; welcomes at Dr. Bacheler's coming; regrets for my expected going, and only kind invitations, as we sped on our way.

I fulfilled my promise, and took occasion to visit that town shortly afterward, before I sailed for America; and I met no unkindness. The sudden excitement of December had died out. The younger men, not Christians but partly civilized, had sided against their fathers, in defense of their Christian companions. The heathen found that they had too strong a minority whom to threaten with death, and sullenly desisted from their threats.

A year later Nguva was elected the first native Elder of the First Ogowe church. And, when he died a few years later, the chief of that very town of the rescue, himself having become a Christian in the great ingathering of 1887, was elected to the vacant eldership. Yasi gradually lost its power; and a few years afterward came even to be despised. Nguva's chain, kept as a souvenir by Dr. Bacheler, was brought to the museum of the Mission Building, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, in 1883, when Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler transferred themselves to a Baptist Mission in India, where he died in 1890.

III

IN AN ELEPHANT CORRAL

NOTE:—A short version of this story appeared in a little magazine, "Sabbath Readings," in 1904, and also in Miss Brain's "Adventures with Four-footed Folk," F. H. Revell, 1908.

I have no patience with hunters who kill only for the sake of counting up a "big bag." The "dominion" God gave mankind over "the creatures" does not justify their ruthless destruction. I have shot anything of bird, beast or reptile, as necessary food for either myself or my boat's crew. I have shot single specimens of anything for scientific collections, as a means of broadening human knowledge. And I do not hesitate to destroy on sight anything, such as snake or leopard, which is inimical to human life. But beyond these calls of hunger, of science, or of the instinct of self-preservation, I claim that it is wrong to go.

Thus much of a prelude, in explanation of why I felt it right, one day, more than thirty years ago, to engage in an elephant hunt—and assist in

shooting down nine full-grown animals: whereby at least one thousand men, women and children obtained meat. Not a single pound of all that mass of flesh—to the very hide and entire internal viscera—was thrown away or wasted. What was not eaten on the spot was dried for later consumption. The several hundreds of pounds of ivory in the tusks added much to native wealth. Possibly the native chief used some of them with which to buy more wives; but *that* was not in my bargain. Also, in the settled districts of Africa, I always hear with satisfaction of the clearing away of any herd of elephants; for the sake of the poor women and their plantations of cassava (*Jatropha manihot*) and plantains (*Musa sapientium*). The labor of six months, in the planting and growth of these two staffs of life of the West African negro, is often swept away in one night by a herd of elephants eating or otherwise destroying a woman's acre of food. For, it is the women who do almost the entire work of planting, guarding, gathering and preparing the gardens and their food supply. The natives, therefore, have three several reasons for seeking to exterminate the elephant, i.e., to rid themselves of a food-destroyer—incidentally to provide themselves a feast of meat—and as a means of obtain-

ing in ivory-trade all the foreign articles by which they count their wealth, of guns, pots and kettles, beads and other ornaments, calico prints for clothing, and an hundred other things, suggested in growing stages of civilization.

One of their modes of elephant-hunting is the ordinary one of stalking them, wherever found, whether in the forest or out on the open patches of prairie. This is a dangerous mode for the hunter. His "trade-gun" is a flint-lock muzzle-loader, "made for trade" (most distinctly so!) the barrel as soft as common gas pipe; manufactured largely in Birmingham, England. (France and Germany also export similar guns.) Most of the European nations forbid the importation of percussion arms into their West African colonies. Of course, then, ordinary hunting powder is entirely too explosive for the weak trade-gun barrels. The "trade powder" is a large grained, slowly-explosive composition, with which the native charges his weapon to a fearful degree of fullness. Leaden bullets are not used. Slugs are employed, made from any broken pot or other iron utensil, or cuttings of brass rods. Several of these slugs in a gun tear a shocking hole in any animal they happen to hit. If the spot struck be vital that hole is fatal. But, as the carrying-

range of the gun is short, the hunter must be close to the animal. And he can take no accurate aim. Knowing the fearful amount of powder in his gun, and its mulish habit of kicking, he does not dare bring the weapon to rest against his shoulder. He grasps the stock with both hands at a spot convenient to the trigger—extends his arms and the entire gun straight forward—holds its weight as steadily as its leverage at the distance will allow, and fires somewhat at random. If the gun bursts he will have saved his face at expense of his fingers. If the animal be only wounded, woe to that hunter! He has staked his life on a single discharge; he has no time to reload. It is useless to run. The best University sprinter may as well stand in his tracks as attempt to flee from the magnificent charge of an infuriated elephant. Well if the man has not forgotten his boyhood gymnastics of tree-climbing! He may save himself if, having at hand a convenient tree, he “shin up” it on the instant.

Another common method is to catch in pit-falls. A hole is dug of the size and shape of an ordinary elephant's body. The spot selected is on the line of a recognized “run” of a herd to water or rich feeding-ground. So suspicious is this great, intelligent, yet often silly, beast, that any fresh

earth exposed along the side of the run-way will cause him to hesitate and turn aside. The digger of the pit must, therefore, laboriously carry to some distance every basketful of earth. When the pit is finished it must be covered with light, dry sticks, over which are then strewn, in a studiously natural manner, the ordinary dead forest leaves. In treading on this frail structure the elephant sinks into a hole just small enough to jam him tightly and prevent him moving around. Helpless, thus, he can easily be killed. But the owner of the pit must find him there within twenty-four hours or with his tusks he will dig down the side of the pit in front of him—with his proboscis will push the loose earth under his feet, slowly elevating himself and gradually making an inclined plane up which he will scramble to freedom.

An occasional method is to suspend a heavy log, into whose lower end is fastened a large sharp iron point. The rope suspending the log passes over a convenient limb of a tree to the ground by a run-way. The other end of the rope is fastened across that run-way, and set with a "figure-4" trigger. The elephant is expected to trip the rope—snapping the trigger—and letting fall the iron point on his spine. The log's weight and the momentum of its fall could give a fatal blow. But

the chances are rather against its successfully striking the spine.

The most remarkable mode of catching elephants is to corral them in a stockade built around them, and then shoot them down as may be convenient. When I first heard of that mode I was living on the Ogowe, a river that emerges into the South Atlantic at Cape Lopez, one degree south of the Equator. I refused to believe. It seemed incredible that five, ten or fifteen wild elephants would remain quiet the while a fence was being built about them. How could those animals refrain from stampeding in sight and sound day after day of a crowd of natives, when white hunters could get a shot at an elephant only by carefully and quietly stalking him against the wind? But it was reasserted so often, and by so many, that finally I believed; and was curious to see for myself. I was living near a place, Lembarene, some one hundred and thirty miles up the course of the Ogowe. In my tours all through that river, its affluents, and its lakes; journeying thousands of miles by boat and canoe, I had made hundreds of friends among the native chiefs and heads of villages. I was on cordial terms with the only other white men in the river, a half dozen English and German Ivory- and Rubber-Traders,

and their native sub-traders. One of these sub-traders, John Ermy, an American mulatto, who lived some twenty miles farther up river, and Maja, the chief of the Fang town where John's house was, had both been hospitable to me on my tours. They said that elephant corrals were well known in that region. I begged them to let me know when the very next one should be built. They promised to do so, and said that they would ask the aid of my rifle.

They described to me the entire process. Much of it I verified for myself on two subsequent occasions, when I saw the stockade actually being built. Generally it begins with a woman; for women take care of the weeding of their plantain farms. She happens to find a herd—they vary from five to twenty—feeding near or actually in her farm. These farms are from half to one mile distant from the villages. Instead of attempting to alarm the animals and frighten them away she leaves her work, hastens to the village, and notifies the men. In an amazingly short time, by messenger or the telegraph signal-drum, the news is carried from village to village. There is a wonderful carrying power in the native voice, accustomed to shout across rivers and through the forest. Instantly hundreds of men, women

and children haste toward the spot where the animals were discovered. Care is taken not to approach too close; but, with a radius of several hundred yards or more, a living cordon is thrown, and the men, with their long, sharp sword-knives, cut down the abundant forest vines which, with the aid of the women, they rapidly tie from tree to tree, like telegraph wires, encircling the entire herd and inclosing an area sometimes as large as a ten-acre lot. The African forest is densely hung with vines, creepers and lianes of wonderful variety and length. Other men vigorously cut down small trees; the children are useful in rapidly carrying; and still other men thrust these saplings as stakes at short intervals along the boundary outlined by the vines. And, again, other men are tying with rattan strings long pliable poles horizontally on to the upright stakes. The crowd has in half an hour increased to many hundreds; every one, even to the youngest child, busy; really no confusion, even in such a multitude; really no time lost in gathering materials, the work being divided, and each person willingly falling into the position where he or she is most needed; the time and strength of the strong-armed men, as they thrust in stake after stake, being saved by the prompt carriage, by women

and children, of material from the hands of the cutter. In an hour there has grown up, as if by magic, a well-defined fence. True, the proboscis of a single elephant could sweep it away. But the remarkable fact is that the herd does not attempt to do so. As the crowd, at first, suppresses all conversation, much of the boundary line of vines may be tied before the animals discover what is going on. If startled and they attempt to emerge, the crowd masses itself in front of them with shouts and sticks and stones, and drives them back. If then they attempt to emerge on the opposite side, another massed crowd meets them there, and they return confused toward the center. Though so intelligent, those great beasts seem to be unaware of their own strength; are seized with a fear of that suspicious looking row of vines and pickets; and they hesitate to touch it. Moreover, superstition steps in to help. Native Magic-doctors, male and female, tie up little bundles of charms and suspend them at intervals along these vines. On one of those two later occasions I saw a space of several hundred feet along which there had been time as yet to tie only a single vine; two elephants were in sight a few hundred feet distant quietly browsing on tree branches; a native sorceress sat comfortably chat-

ting as she smeared a red mixture over a gazelle's horn, which, when tied to the vine in that unprotected space, she said would prevent the elephants coming that way. In fact, they did not come (as she believed) because of the controlling spirit she had conjured into the horn. When I had first observed that unguarded space on the outline of the fence, being interested for the success of my native friends, I had directed that woman's attention to it (I did not then know she was a sorceress), and urged her to call men to stake the vacancy lest the animals should escape. She quietly and with dignity had said, "They will not escape." I hurriedly asked, "Why? how?" She did not deign to reply; and smiling, as if at my ignorance, pointed to the horn as she rose and went to suspend it from the circling vine. I suspect that its efficiency was because of some odor in that red mixture that was offensive to the elephants. All animals have their special disgusts, as shown in our words "henbane," "wolf-bane." Tradition tells of a female Christian martyr, in a Roman amphitheater, surrounded by hungry gnashing African leopards, but saved by the artifice of a devoted negro slave who had soaked her mistress' only garment in leopard-bane. It is known that elephants hate the odor of civet; they

will not browse on grass tainted with it. Civet cats are numerous. Most natives also are disgusted with their odor. There is confusion in a kitchen in whose fire-place has been laid wood on which the civet has sat.

This fence-building goes on night and day. Hasty shelters are erected, and there the crowd camps. To the children it is a grand picnic. They, with all the adults, are looking forward to a magnificent feast. By the end of a week the slight picket-fence has been strengthened by stout posts, buttressed at short intervals by heavy logs, making a stockade that could be broken only by a furious stampede. Stampede is prevented by the watchmen, who, by shouts and missiles, would break it before it could grow to furious proportions. Or, at the worst, a fusillade of massed guns, fired point-blank, would drive back almost any stampede. In the meantime the "doctor"-in-chief, with his drum, dance, mirror, or basin of water, and other arts of divination, is making the fetish-charm which, rubbed onto the guns of hunters, on whatever day shall be found to be auspicious, will make aim accurate and shots fatal, for the simultaneous fall of the prey.

It was at this stage of the proceedings, in March, 1879, that my aid was asked for.

Not long after one of my visits to John's house, came a message from Maja saying that a herd of ten had been inclosed; that the fence was completed; that an auspicious day had been selected by the native doctor for slaughter-day; and would I please to come and bring my "gun-that-talked-ten-times" (Winchester repeater) and help them in the shooting. Here was a reason for my going, additional to those already mentioned. It being sure and necessary that the animals were to be killed, it was desirable that their death should be prompt; the native guns would make much painful butchery. Moreover, Maja had another big reason why he wanted the help of my rifle. In shooting down the animals within the inclosure, native law said that no one of them should be divided until the entire herd had fallen. (This, for the reason that, in the successive division of animal by animal, a greedy few could grab the largest share of each successive one. In the division of the entire fallen herd the chances for grabbing were reduced to one.) Therefore, Superstition was called in to aid, and the herd waited sometimes two weeks before the doctor-diviner fixed on a day on which he asserted all their guns would shoot straight and fatally; so that the division might be made on one and the

same day. For the carcass that first fell to lie undivided two or three days, while the other beasts were being unsuccessfully shot at, would cause the people loss, by the corruption of the flesh of that first one. That chosen day would be an anxious day; anxious that when the shooting began all the animals should fall within a few hours of each other. The herd during all those days of delay had pasturage on the tree branches and other herbage in the inclosure. If it included no spring of water, vessels of water were cautiously carried in for the thirst of the herd. If they became restive, sometimes plaintains soaked in a poisonous drug were thrown to them to stupefy them.

I made preparations for the twenty-mile journey up river in a four-oared gig with six men, and food for a few days' absence. The appointed day, in my calculation, would fall on a Monday. I started on the Saturday previous, intending to pass the Sunday with religious services in Maja's town; and thence start for the hunt on Monday morning. Arrived at John's house on Saturday evening, I was welcomed by him and Maja, who was anxious for my rifle. He said, "Good! that you have come! We are all ready and waiting you for to-morrow." "No, I counted your days

till Monday." "You miscounted; to-morrow is the Spirit-chosen day." "But I will not come; to-morrow is God's Day. I will come on Monday." He was egregiously disappointed; but he could not change the day. It was as solemn to him as my Sunday to me. I, too, was disappointed. I should miss seeing what I might not have a chance to see for perhaps years again. My crew, too, were in ill humor. They wanted to be in "at the death." They were not Christians, and did not care for Sunday. But they were in my employ and had to remain.

Sabbath morning broke beautifully clear, accompanied by a heavy fusillade of guns three miles distant in the forest. My crew squirmed uneasily, like boys prevented from going to a circus. And in my own heart I had to confess to myself that I really sympathized with them. I was conscious that my own enjoyment of my church-services that morning with the few aged or invalid towns-people and children was somewhat marred by the sound of those same guns, and a desire to be there. In the afternoon the firing ceased. A delegation came from the stockade, all their ammunition being exhausted, to buy more. John, professedly regarding my presence, refused to sell on the Sabbath. (I have always suspected that

his refusal was based less on any religious scruple than on a generous artifice to prevent the further destruction of the elephants till I could start next morning.) The men said that all the ten elephants were wounded; that none had fallen; and that one infuriated male had charged the stockade, broken it, and escaped: in his charge crushing to death one man. I comforted them with a promise to come very early in the morning. Some of them returned to the stockade with powder they had obtained in the village. But there was very little firing that evening.

Early on Monday morning, leaving two of my men in charge of the boat, I started with my other four, John and his men, and the remainder of the delegation, on a rapid three-mile walk over a narrow, rough forest path. My steps were quickened by hearing the fusillade that had been resumed at daylight, and which grew louder as we approached the scene. My curiosity intensely sharpened; my blood was stirred; what young hunters know as the reckless excitement of the chase seized me.

Emerging into the clearing made by the camp, the scene was thrilling. A thousand men, women and children were in sight in the arc of the circle of the stockade visible to my right and left. For

two weeks they had been waiting for a feast, and now they were impatient to see the animals fall. All were excitedly talking, shouting, directing, expostulating, almost quarreling. Chief Maja, with his expert hunters and the head-doctor, a grave, serious-looking man, met me; the chief with an affectionate embrace and the others with deferential salutation.

At intervals in the stockade there were narrow breaks, sufficient for a man to pass through. These doorways were guarded by sentinels, who allowed none but skilled hunters to enter. These men would daringly sneak from tree to tree in the inclosure, till they could fire at close range, and then flit back unseen to the doorway. Or, climbing trees, they would fire from above at the elephants' vulnerable spines as they wandered beneath. I found that five of the animals had fallen in that morning's fusillade; and the remaining four, though wounded, were still on their feet and strongly wandering about. Knowing the long range of my Winchester, and fearing that a stray bullet might injure some of the people on the opposite side of the circle, Maja, at my request, ordered those on the opposite side to mass off to my right and left, that I might have clear room. And the entire crowd were to cease firing. They

did so. A great hush fell on the multitude; they held their breath in expectation. The silence was broken only by the crack of my Winchester, so different from the roar of their guns' explosions. Soon I had laid low three of the four animals, leaving only one, an enormous male. Of him I could obtain no fair sight. He was in a clump of trees and bushes that hid all vulnerable parts of his body. He was standing as if too weak to move farther. (I was soon to find, to my cost, that he was shamming.) The suppressed excitement broke out again fiercely, all the more for its having been suppressed. Hundreds of eyes looked, as vultures' eyes, on the eight prostrate carcasses, whose division for food was blocked by the tenacity of life of this one wounded elephant, hidden in that clump of bushes, who refused to walk out into the open range. Furious hunters took me from point to point to obtain sight of his body; but I refused to fire at what was not vulnerable.

My own blood was racing madly, infected by the frantic shouts around me. Thought I: If the fellow is so desperately wounded that he cannot walk I will enter one of these gateways and put him out of pain with a fatal shot at close range! Stepping to a sentinel, I ordered him to

stand aside, and pass me in. He refused! I was not accustomed to be refused; and was becoming angry. But I suppressed the anger and tried to bribe him. He would not be bribed. Then I berated him. He calmly said, "Your life is too precious. You must not enter." It was noble in him to say that. But the wild scene had made me reckless, and I told him that, as his chief's guest, I had the privilege, which (he perfectly well knew) native custom gave any guest, of doing as I pleased. He still refused. So I rushed to Maja, laid complaint against the sentinel, and demanded my right as his guest. Maja looked grave: "That beast is dangerous. I wish you would not enter. But, as you insist on your guest-right, you shall go. And I will go with you."

We entered: I leading, followed closely, in single file, by Maja and seven of his bravest hunters. I should have allowed him to lead; but I had lost all judgment, in the insanity of a "hunter's rage." The only things that were clear to me were my hand firm on rifle, eye wary, step quick, crouching, soft and stealthy. From the doorway to the clump in which the elephant was hidden was a distance of some two hundred yards. We had gone over more than half of it through an open glade, when at about two hundred and

fifty feet, I knelt and aimed behind the ear which had just then become visible. Before I could pull the trigger I was deafened by the roar of those eight guns behind me fired over my head, and I was blinded in their smoke. Rising, I looked behind me; and I was alone! Maja and his men were racing toward that gateway. (He told me afterward that his more accustomed eye had seen what I had not seen in a movement of the elephant; that he had called to me to run, and supposed I was following him. Intensely preoccupied, I had not heard his warning, nor seen his flight.) Looking forward, I saw what bathed me in alternate cold and hot flushes. That great mountain of flesh was moving! Yes! **AND HE'S COMING!** Wounded, but strong, infuriated, terrific! **COMING!** Death was coming! I turned and attempted to flee. But a great sweat broke out all over me; my knees gave way. And I stopped. It's no use to flee before the elongated stretch of those mighty legs! I turned and faced him. And instantly I was fearless, cool and strong, erect and calm; nerves as iron; thought clear as crystal, and quick as lightning's flash.

You have read that it is told of the drowning, who have returned to consciousness, that their whole life was reproduced in an instant's pano-

rama. It is true. That panorama came to me; and in the three seconds of that huge beast's plunge toward me I thought the thoughts of years. Though thoughts flashed I remember that they did not seem hurried or confused. They actually seemed deliberate. They were calm, orderly, and in logical succession.

As I turned and faced those uplifted tusks that were soon to pierce me—that trumpeting proboscis that was soon to wind its boa-like embrace about me—and those broad feet that were soon to crush me, I thought: I have so often faced and been ready for death by fever, serpent, water, poison, human rage; have left nothing for a final preparation; I am not afraid now. Then: It will not last long; that proboscis will seize me and, uplifting me, will fling me almost unconscious to the ground; that heavy foot will press out my little life in an instant; and it will not be very painful. Then: A regret that my life should go out in its prime. Then: Somewhat of a regret that there should go on record that the last act of his life, who had been sent to preach the Gospel, was an unexplained elephant hunt. Then: As a great flood came a longing to live. Then: An ejaculation, "God! help me out of this, and I won't do it again." Then: Like an inspiration;

I remember reading that elephants don't see very well from the corner of their eyes; this beast is half blinded with rage; as he reaches you jump to the right; in his impetus he will miss you and will plunge on after the other eight who are struggling through the doorway! I did so! As the towering head was lowered toward me I jumped sidewise, as I had never jumped before, my best university standing-jump. And his huge mass of flesh surged past me; but so near that I could have laid my hand on his hind leg. The momentum of his furious charge carried him on. He forgot me. Was aiming for that gateway! "Thanks, O! God." I was back again among the interests and excitements of life! I observed that my rifle was still in my grasp. I fled toward another point in the stockade that was indeed farther than that now dangerous doorway, but on a line which was at right angles to the course the beast was taking. Weak knees were now firm. I *knew* I was to live. I sped at my best sprint—reached the fence, flung the rifle over—climbed to the top. As I looked down the line, the last of those eight men had just squeezed through that narrow gateway, and the elephant on their heels was bowing his head to ram the fence. That strongly buttressed stockade yielded, bent, broke, and the ani-

mal would have gone free. But from the dense crowd before him dozens of guns belched forth a rain of iron slugs, not four yards from his very face. Slugs that were not able to penetrate his impenetrable frontal bone, but that tore the skin from his entire face, head and neck, and sent him about, blinded, wandering aimlessly from the shouts behind him. Everybody was exhausted. The crowd amazed and at its wit's end, except that it hastened to repair the damage to the fence. Maja terrified for his guest's safety, and relieved as I came up smiling, and gently rebuked him for his desertion of me. And then I was conscious I was out of breath and tired.

While all were drowning each other's voices in dramatically telling just how it all happened, there arose a cry from the opposite side of the inclosure. Listen! What? What's that they're saying? Dead? Yes! they say he's dead! O! what a shout! A very Niagara of voice. And the crowd did not wait for permission to enter the inclosure. They swarmed over that fence, men, women and children, old and young, king and slave, white man and native. And we all raced through the forest to that other side. There the poor beast was. No longer able to walk. Sitting on his haunches, like a dog, and vainly trying to defend

himself with his proboscis, as the men who had discovered him thrust spears into his sides. He toppled over with a crash to the ground; and, with a great human-like sigh, died. Then such a shout as rent the forest! The deep, heavy male roar; above it, waves of the female "li-li-li"; and crowned with children's falsetto of the "yeh! yeh! yeh!" The crowd was frantic.

My "hunter's rage" was done. Came a reaction. Came a pity for the beast that had made so brave a fight for life against so many odds. I stood aside. A man had leaped on the carcass, and was dancing a fearfully muscular jig of victory. Relatives of the man who had been killed stood before the animal's dying face, and poured horrid imprecations on it—as if he was a person—for his brother-elephant's murder of their brother. Tail was cut off, a trophy for the king; as the fox's "brush" in an English hunt. The trunk was cut off as a special delicacy. The tusks were dug out. And the dissection began.

My work was done. I had helped them. And I was going. I turned to say good-bye to Maja. But he delayed me. "You must not go so." The "doctor" came. He seemed to recognize in me a fellow-craftsman. He bore me no ill will for my falsification of his chosen auspicious day. Doubt-

less he satisfied his followers with an explanation that the white man's fetish was an unexpected factor that had complicated his calculations. And we parted friends. Maja bade my men cut down a stout pole; to it he fastened more than a hundred pounds of elephant steak. "That is the doctor's fee for your aid." "No, Maja, I don't take fees from friends. I came willingly." "Then it is my gift of friendship." "Akeva, thanks." And I and my men left, two bearing the mass of fresh meat hanging from that pole on their shoulders, as I remembered in a children's Scripture-history picture-book of two of the Hebrew spies with an enormous bunch of Eschol grapes. Our three miles back to the river were very slow ones. Reaction had left us wearied.

Arrived at the boat, the men were not in a good humor; for I wished to reach home that evening and refused to wait till they could cook and eat of the spoil.

That was years ago; I am wiser now. A crew does not row well on an unsatisfied stomach. Only that the twenty miles were with the current down-stream the return would have been very, very slow. We did not reach home till night, too late for any careful cookery of meat for me. And by next day it was tainted. But elephant meat is

coarse, anyhow! (Sour grapes?) However, it was not lost or wasted; my school-boys enjoyed a rare feast to repletion.

I have kept my promise made in that moment of danger when the pursuer had become the pursued. I have twice since seen a corral built; and several times since have hunted elephants, but never again inside of an elephant corral.

IV

UPSET BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS

On my return, in 1881, to the Ogowe river, from a furlough in the United States, Mrs. Nassau and I arrived at my old Kângwe Station on Christmas day of that year. My little bamboo cottage on the hilltop was occupied by the Rev. W. H. Robinson, Stated Supply of the church. But a new, large and comfortable framed building had been erected during my absence a short distance from the foot of the hill, near the mouth of a small stream, "Anděndě," flowing into the Ogowe, and was occupied by a lay missionary and his wife, he being financial agent of the Mission. Almost all visitors, white and black, had wearied of the steep climb of the hill to my cottage on its top. The "Anděndě House," though near a swampy ground that was infested by mosquitoes, was, because of its convenience of access from the river side, paling the importance of the Hill-house

(which some years afterward was finally abandoned).

I had been appointed to commence a new Station somewhere up river, "not within fifty miles of Kângwe." During January, 1882, I prepared for a long journey of inspection of localities. Leaving Mrs. Nassau at the hill, I made that journey during February, going 200 miles by canoe, over a portion of the long series of cataracts, and as far as Mt. Otombo. On the way, I observed about a dozen desirable-looking sites. On my return down river I stopped and examined them. By a process of exclusion I reduced them to two; one, about seventy miles from Kângwe, "Talaguga," on the right bank, was near an enormous rock of that name. It had a desirable landing-place where a small clear stream tumbled from the steep mountainside into the deep swift Ogowe: the other, Njoli Island, was two miles farther up river. My objections to the latter were two, viz.: it had no drinking-water, though a good clear brook fell into the river, on the left bank, opposite to it (but to obtain the spring-water the daily service of a canoe would be required): also, the exploring expedition of Count De Brazza had left on the island a hut at the camp they had established on one of his journeys, and I felt that

the place was thus preëmpted by him. (While this was true at that time, the French Government subsequently abandoned that spot and made their "Njoli Post" on another island three miles farther upstream. The original Njoli island is now occupied by my successors, the Paris Evangelical Society, who, when they received our Ogowe Mission, transferred to them in 1892, moved my Talaguga house to the island. But still, with courteous reference to myself, they call their island Station "Talaguga.")

In March of 1882 I began building at Talaguga brook-side a hastiest of native shelter, to protect me from the almost daily rains of the "Latter Rainy-Season" (March-May), the while that I erected a more substantial, but still only a native, hut with a clay floor, also at the waterside; and, later, occupying a tent. In the Cold Dry Season (June-August) Mrs. Nassau followed me, joining my tent-life, while I began to build a small but comfortable bamboo bungalow on posts on the hillside.

When the "Former" Rainy-Season began (September-November) Mrs. Nassau had to return to Kângwe. I completed that bungalow by the end of December; and then went down to Kângwe.

In January, 1883, I returned with her, in the

Nelly-Howard, my six-oared boat, thirty feet in length and six feet in its middle width, built long and sharp and light, for stemming the river's four-knot current. I started on the three-and-a-half day's pull upstream. Eighteen miles a day was all that the six unskilled oarsmen could make between 7 a. m. to 12 noon and 2 p. m. to 5 p. m., of the invariable twelve hours of daylight. The boat was very heavily laden. Besides my six crew and cook, with Mrs. Nassau, myself, and Mr. Menkel (the missionary mechanic coming to help me build a more permanent dwelling of imported planks) and his little son, there were two young girls, attendants on Mrs. Nassau, fourteen souls in all, with a closely packed heavy cargo of provisions and building materials. And, near the stern-sheets, a Mason and Hamlin organ in its original packing case, one of Mrs. Nassau's wedding presents. Its length just fitted into the boat's width, and its width displaced the spaces occupied by the sweep of the arms of two of the oarsmen. We were able therefore to use only four oars.

On the first morning of the journey we had gone only about eight miles, and were nearing the mouth of the Ngunye, the large affluent on the left bank, whose deposit of sand and mud in the Ogowe at that point makes two islands (Walk-

er's) and a troublesome series of sand flats. The channels between these were intricate, requiring careful steering and close watching of the shallow depths; for, in January and February (the Middle Dry-Season), the river runs low. (Also in the Cold Dry.) At those seasons, the difficulty of navigation was not so much the current as the long detours around these sand-banks.

Connected with these detours was a real danger from the hippopotami, numerous during those seasons and in just such places. They do not like very deep or swift water. So, during the flood seasons, when boats are able to steer straight courses anywhere over the submerged shoals, those huge beasts are not often seen. They retire to the more shallow and quieter waters of the back lagoons. But, when the water is again at low stage they return to the main stream. During the nights they are feeding ashore, devastating the plantations of the natives, or quietly browsing the vegetation of the river bank, and the succulent grasses that spring up on the low islands after the deposit of fertilizing mud left, as on Egypt of the Nile at the subsidence of the semi-annual flood. Their favorite resting-places during the day are in the channels, near the sandbars or islands, in a depth of water so shallow that,

while their bodies are submerged, their heads, or at least ears, eyes, and nostrils, are exposed. The females there safely sleep or idly rest with their little ones on their backs; the male of the herd stands, his head exposed, and watchful of any assailants or other intruders.

Nothing in my African life gave me a more conscious dread than the being compelled to guide my boat past that huge beast, with its angry bel-
low and fearfully opened jaws. I faced with less dread fever, reptiles, beasts of the forest, poison, assault by savage natives. If asked, "Then, why did you take your boat into such places?" the explanation is that the journeys were necessary, and there was no other route to be taken than just those very channels in which the hippopotami were lying. The channel might be only a hundred yards in width. As I looked ahead I could see the ears of six or a dozen of the beasts above the surface of the water. Presently a head would be thrust up, then came a puff of water from the nostrils, and the jaws opened with a mighty gape, so that actually an object as large as a flour barrel could have laid in them, and the terrifying bel-
low would be issued as a challenge. The beast was right, from his point of view. He saw a large object approaching him, its projecting oars

moving like so many legs. He saw human beings, the born enemies of the animal kingdom; he was by nature put on guard for his family; he should bravely advance to meet the assault from those supposed enemies; and daringly he would be the first to attack. If he had only known how afraid his supposed assailants were he need not have made any advance, and might have allowed them to pass by in peace! My terrified crew would falter in their stroke on the oars; I feared always that they would make the case worse by throwing down their oars or paddles. They saw me silent, or perhaps thought I was non-observant or even ignorant. They would hesitatingly or in bated breath look up to me and say, "Hippopotamuses! don't you see them?" "Yes!" I curtly replied. They said, "We fear them!" And as curtly I firmly ordered, "If so, then shut your eyes and pull! Pull strong! All together! I'm guiding!" My anxiety was that the boat's impetus should be maintained. As boat and beast approached each other, at the critical moment my turning of the rudder would swing the boat or canoe clear, we would sweep by, and the beast would follow only a few yards. He was satisfied with his apparent victory; for that his supposed enemy had fled!

On that day the water was so low that, in at-

tempting what seemed to be channels, we several times found ourselves in a cul-de-sac, beyond which there was no sufficient depth of water for us to pass. We lost time in having to turn back and seek passage elsewhere. So I determined to leave the usual route and pull over to the right bank where, though the swifter current would oppose us, the depth would assure us from vexatious turnings. In so doing we all felt more comfortable in the thought that we would meet no hippopotamus in that deeper water.

We were moving rapidly and happily, and were only a few rods from shore, when suddenly the boat struck heavily, and its momentum was checked. What was it? Not that we had run aground on a sand-spit; no shallows were there; for the water was comparatively deep. Not that we had struck a rocky ledge; for I knew there were no stones in that part of the river. Possibly a sunken tree. These thoughts were instantaneous. Fearing that the boat might careen I shouted to the crew to pull faster in order to drag ourselves over the obstruction, whatever it was. And, just as instantaneously, the entire stern of the boat was lifted bodily out of the water, and we slid forward and over the obstacle, which, at that moment, revealed itself as the back

of a hippopotamus. As we slid over him and down again onto an even keel I, at the stern, could have laid my hand on his hindquarters as he emerged and as suddenly disappeared again into the water. It was an enormous strength he had used to lift that end of the boat where were sitting three adults and three children, closely confined by the proximity of the heavy organ case. At once water was seen rushing in through a hole at our feet. Pieces of clothing were thrust into it as a temporary measure; and I hastened the boat toward the shore. Just at that part of the river bank there was no possible landing. The bank itself was perpendicular and covered to and beyond the water's edge with a jungle of bushes. Only a desperate emergency would have driven us to attempt to clamber ashore through those almost impenetrable interlaced vines and branches. So, constantly bailing out the incoming water, we rowed rapidly on, until, after a few hundred yards, we fortunately came to the mouth of a small affluent, into which I ran the boat. There was there a small sandy beach, on to which we drew it. On examination, we found a hole evidently made by the teeth of that hippopotamus. Consideration of facts gradually revealed the story that the beast must have been swimming or

walking on the bottom of that portion of the river we had been crossing. While it is true that hippopotami prefer shallows in which to lie and rest or sleep, necessarily in going ashore again they swim in the deeper water, or walk on the bottom, they being able to remain under water a long time. The course my boat was taking must have crossed his back laterally. He being just below the surface, the keel had evidently struck his spine as if it was a sunken log or rock. Had the keel struck the beast longitudinally, the boat would have careened to one side, and might have been upset, with probable drowning of some of its fourteen passengers. But, crossing his back at right angles, we actually slid even over, as he, enraged by the blow, rose to the surface to attack us. As he rose, he must, in his anger, have bitten at the keel that had hit him; and thence came the two holes in the bottom of the boat. The rapidity with which we slid over and away from him saved us from any attempt at pursuit by him. He probably also was startled as much as we, and he was satisfied to let us go on in our flight. To our astonishment also we found that the iron "shoe" of the boat was broken about eight feet from the stern, just near the spot where the bottom was bitten through. That shoe, covering the entire

length of the keel, was a wrought iron bar, one and a half inches wide by one-third of an inch thick; it was broken, and the two ends of the fracture were hanging down a foot or two below the keel, torn away from the screws that had held it in place. Its use was to save the wood of the keel from abrasion in grating over stones or other rough objects. It seemed scarcely credible, and yet there was no other possible explanation for that fracture, than that it was caused by the teeth of that hippopotamus when he made his vicious bite at the boat's bottom. An iron bar, such as that, bitten through by his teeth! How easily he could crush a canoe, like an egg-shell! And, how readily he could have torn away the side of our boat, had he been pugnacious, or had he chosen to use all his strength! He is never carnivorous; but, in a fight, had he assailed our bodies, those fearful teeth would have bitten a human being in two at one snap of those massive jaws. Fortunately, he was satisfied with that big bite, and had gone on his way, as we had on ours.

While making the examination of damages, we had our noon meal cooked on that pretty little beach under the dense shade of those forest trees. The tin, containing the canned meat which we ate

for our meal, we utilized to nail over the holes in the boat's bottom, until more careful repairs could be made at our journey's end three days later.

V

MY FIGHT WITH NYARE

When, in March, 1882, I purchased the land for the Talaguga Station, my dealings were nominally with an old man, Mamyaga, the reputed Chief of that region. But, actually, the one whom I had soon to recognize as an authority was a much younger man, by name Nyare. Naturally, I had considered Mamyaga as Chief; for I saw his venerable appearance, and people told me he was "the Father." But he was a mild, inoffensive man; and, in making my visits and asking for arrangements for the formal purchase, I met at every turn this man Nyare. His voice was the most frequent and strident in our preliminary discussions. I did not resent his forwardness, for I thought he was acting as aide to Mamyaga. Gradually I found that all the arrangements were falling solely into his hands. I did not appreciate the possible evil of my thus recognizing him as an authority until afterwards, when

I was told that formerly, while he was living with Mamyaga, and subject to him, he had been so officious even in native councils, so offensive in his assumptions, and so violent in his acts, that, unable to live in peace, he had broken away, and set up a village of his own, followed by only his own immediate family and a few discontented spirits who looked for gain in the claim that Nyare was also a "Chief."

His village was the one nearest to the site of the new Station, and some of his land was included in the tract I was buying. At once he and his associates saw that proximity to the white man's house would be a source of gain. And still others joined his village in order that they might have daily opportunities for selling articles of food, begging gifts, or doing odd jobs of work for me.

Mamyaga's village was two miles distant. He did not often come to see me. Nyare's visits were frequent. He made the most of his opportunities. And presently I heard myself spoken of as "Nyare's white man." It was a singular state of affairs at that time all over that part of Equatorial Africa, before the present foreign Governments had superseded the then Native Patriarchal rule, that, white Traders, wherever

they located, had, as their very first act, to recognize some one native man as their patron, who then arrogated to himself the title of "Headman," "Chief," or even "King." They did nothing and went nowhere without first acquainting him. If he approved, they were perfectly safe and successful. If he disapproved, their movements were secretly blocked. No porters would carry them or their baggage, no servants would remain in their employ, no canoes would be at their service, no food supplied for sale. A regular boycott. But, almost every white Trader did as he pleased, even in carrying out unjust or outrageous plans (if only those plans were not against any of the Chief's family) by first making a judicious distribution of gifts to the Chief. This was regarded by the natives as tribute. So accepted was this as a regular, almost governmental, obligation, that Chiefs were accustomed to send some of their people once a week to the white man's Trading-house for a specified amount of tobacco, rum, salt-meat, ship's biscuit, cloth and other smaller articles. The white man found it convenient to make the payments at the same time as his regular Saturday afternoon's settlements with his own servants. That regular tribute was known among the people as "Saturday."

On the occasion of my own location at Kângwe in 1876, the Chief of that region sent a slave with his ebony-wood staff, as sign of authority, demanding that I give him "Saturday." I indignantly ordered him away, sent a message disregarding his authority, and in my dealings with the people never recognized him, and used the aid of a younger man who was more reasonable in his attitude toward me.

My financial dealings were so small, compared with those of the Traders, that my refusal to pay tribute, while it lessened my intercourse with the Chief himself, widened my interests with the entire community; and, while it lost me the power to do many things arbitrarily, increased for me the personal respect of the tribe, by my demonstrating that I did not wish to be arbitrary, and that I asked of people only to do and be done unto what was just.

As Nyare's women sold me food and were attentive to Mrs. Nassau, his children came to school, and his men occasionally worked for me, I gave him formal respect before their eyes, though I was rapidly losing any respect I may have had for his character. I gave him gifts at no regular time (lest I should seem to acknowledge any obligation for "tribute"). The gifts

were generally for some slight services or favor rendered; but always beyond what that service or favor was worth. It was part of the universal custom of the country that friends should exchange. But I observed that Nyare never gave me any gifts in return. That was not "friendship"; and I began to feel restive, lest my gifts should be considered as "tribute." For, his requests became too frequent.

There was also a more serious matter. The white Traders, in submitting to a Chief's domination, were allowed to do almost any thing except trade directly with members of any interior tribe. Those tribes had to bring their ivory or other produce to the chief; he sold it for them to the white man, and took his "commission" in the transaction. The owner of the ivory was never allowed to be present or in any way to deal with the Traders. Nor would the Trader, for any consideration, have been allowed to go on a journey with goods with which to buy directly from these other tribes. His Chief "owned" him and his goods! And held a monopoly of Trade with him. So far was this system carried, that, if trade became poor, or, for any reason, the white man desired to remove elsewhere, himself might be permitted to go, but he was not allowed to

take his goods with him. They "belonged" to the Chief. The trader could take his property only by secret flight at night. Traders submitted to this dictation because, as a consideration, they were allowed by the Chief, in all other matters, a slave-holder's power, equal to his own. Missionaries never submitted to any such claims. But, in regard to Nyare, I began to feel that he was throwing around me more and more the appearance of domination. I felt restricted. Fewer people came to visit me. The extent of my work was limited. People who feared Nyare's violence hesitated to come to my home. I was becoming "Nyare's white man." I might not have resented his assumption that he owned me and my goods, if, as a result, he had not stepped still farther, and given out the impression that he governed the Station. His village was only a few hundred yards down river, which just there was exceedingly swift. Canoes coming up stream had hard work paddling against the current. From the landing-place of his village, he could see who and what the canoes contained, as they slowly worked their way past him. And when they had successfully toiled, and reached the quieter water opposite my premises, they were accustomed to rest in

the mouth of the little mountain stream whose favorable landing-place had first attracted me to Talaguga. If Nyare observed in the passing canoes any debtor, or even an innocent member of a family or tribe against whom he had for any reason a grudge, he would follow them on to my premises, and have a quarrel with them at my landing. I protested. But he continued. He even went so far as to demand *tribute* of *all* passing canoes at the landing, even if there was nothing due to him from any one of them as a fine for debt. This was plainly an offense (even according to native view), to my right as possessor of that ground. I had named and explained that on the day of my formal purchase of the land: the assembled people had assented; and Mam-yaga and Nyare had made their "marks" to the deed. Even visitors, who had no goods, but who were coming to see me, and to whom I would thus have had an opportunity of telling the Gospel Story, were watched at my landing by this Nyare to see if secretly they were bringing something to sell directly to me, without first having given him his "commission."

This was the breaking point of my endurance of Nyare's assumptions. He was limiting my Gospel work (not that he cared at all for the

Gospel). Strangers became afraid to come to the Station. My hands were being tied. I firmly and decidedly but kindly told him of this wrong; how he was breaking even the universal native law that a visitor should in no wise be assailed the while he was a "guest" in a village limits; that these visitors were my "guests" and on *my* ground; that he had no authority over them; that, on my own ground, I was "chief" equal to him, bound to defend my visitors, and that I would do so if he continued to offend. He promised to desist. But he broke his promises.

One day, from the hill-side, looking down stream, I saw two canoes containing about a dozen men, with their goods, toiling past the rapids opposite Nyare's village. They evidently were afraid of something; and I saw them flee into the mouth of my stream. And then I saw Nyare with twelve men filing behind him, each one armed with gun and spear and dagger. They were marching from his village, on my premises, along the path by the river-bank, to attack the visitors. My long-enduring patience broke. I was angry. And in my anger I was reckless. Snatching up my sixteen-repeating Winchester rifle, I said to my wife, "I don't care if I die to-day! I'm going to stop Nyare's outrages!"

She did not oppose me; and I hastened alone out of the house and down the hill. My regular six men, members of the down-river "superior" Galwa tribe (and therefore not subservient to Nyare) who were my boat's crew for journeys, and workmen at other times, were at work elsewhere on the premises out of sight or call. At the water-side Nyare's twelve men were standing silent. They all knew me. Some had worked for me. All had been friendly with me. But he was yelling his defiance and demands to the men in the two canoes, who all seemed cowed by fear, and who already had handed him certain pieces of goods. I did not know, nor do I to this day know, whether they were debtors or even worse, and were paying him just dues, or whether they were submitting in terror to his piratical demands for "tribute." I did not care to inquire. It was enough for me that he was openly over-riding me, trespassing on my premises, and breaking a solemnly recognized law of native oriental right that forbade assault on a guest, in whose defense that oriental custom demanded that I should make a demonstration. I did not intend to shoot Nyare; but, to that limit, I was reckless of what might happen. I did not speak; I was too angry to speak. Nor did I point the rifle at him. With

one hand on the stock, and the other on the muzzle, I dashed the barrel against his chest, saying fiercely, "Get out!" My passion made me stronger than he. He was utterly surprised at my sudden force. And I was pushing him backwards to the brink of the steep bank into the river. He seized his flint-lock gun, cocked it, and was pointing it at my bosom. I dropped my right hand from my rifle's stock, and swept aside and held his muzzle. He instantly seized with his left hand my stock. Thus, each with one hand on his own weapon, and the other on the weapon of the other, we sawed the air with the two guns, neither being able to bring his own into firing-line. And I was slowly backing him over the edge of the bank. I scarcely thought of his dozen men. They did not touch me. But, suddenly, five of them flung their arms about him to save him from falling into the river; and at the same time they forced from him his gun. This I saw was help for me. So that when, at the same time, three others of them threw their hands about me, and attempted to take away my rifle, I allowed them to do so. I felt that their hands were friendly. But he was raging fearfully. The fight was not done. He felt the indignity to his "chieftainship," in having been struck. All his

natural viciousness concentrated itself in an insane effort to kill me. I backed up against a tree (so that there should be no assault from behind) and, saying nothing, only looked at him with the cold steady eye that all natives dread of a white man. For, I instantly saw that his own people were to be my defenders. Deprived of his gun, he whipped out his long dagger, and stabbed at my abdomen. The point was very close; but, in a flash, I seized his wrist with one hand. And the same five men forced the dagger from his hand. He then looked around for some stick or billet with which to strike me. But those five held him off. And the other three stood by me, protesting their friendship. Then I spoke; but still angrily: "Friendship! Where are friends? Do they come with guns and spears to fight the friend and his guests?" "But, Nasâ, quiet! We *are* friends! And you did not come here to Talaguga to fight! Do not be angry!" "True, I did not come here to fight. But it is you who make war. I am only defending. You are breaking your own sacred native custom against my guests." "Yes, you are right. We were wrong to come as we did. Now be friends." "No! no friendship while you stand here with your own guns and keeping mine." They gave

me back my rifle, saying, "Now are we friends?" "No! not till you go away with your guns, and come back another day without them." They began to leave, one by one; and the five said to Nyare, "You have brought the white man's anger on us!" and they snatched up the goods the timid canoe-men had given; and, handing them back, they said to the strangers, "We made a mistake to-day in coming on to the white man's ground. We will wait for your next journey, and will catch you on the river." To that I made no protest. The river was a public highway. Possibly, the canoe-men were guilty. But, innocent or guilty, I had defended not so much *them* as oriental *custom*. And they timidly had not lifted a hand to assist in their own defense! Nyare was still grumbling and threatening. I was keeping my eye steadily on his movements, and had not looked behind me nor to right or left. Just then a boy's hand was laid on my arm. It was the lad who waited on our table. And he gave me a penciled note in Mrs. Nassau's handwriting:—"Had you not better send word to Njoli Post for assistance from the French?" I looked around. There, only two rods behind me on the hill-side above me, my wife was standing! She had followed me down the hill, had witnessed

the fight, and wisely and bravely had not weakened me by interference of hand or voice. She had been praying while I had been fighting.

Nyare left with the last of his company. I comforted the visitors, assuring them that I would defend them and all others, and asking them to report to all other places what I had done for them, so that no strangers should have any fear to visit Talaguga. They ate their lunch, and departed in peace. After my breakfast next day, I sent three of my people in a canoe the five miles up river to the Commandant at Njoli Post with a little offering of some of Mrs. Nassau's dainty pastry. I did not ask him for aid or protection. I preferred to rely on native sense of justice and their conviction that I was just and acting only within my rights. But, I asked the Commandant what would have been my status before French Law if I had shot Nyare. He sent a courteous reply, offering protection, as follows: (I copy exactly his imperfect English.)

"I am really ashamed of your present, you are too much kind for me and I do not know trully how I could thank for you. Please be sure that, in the occurrence, I will oblige you if I can. I am very glad that your palaver with the

Fangwe is done. My opinion is that they will never trouble you again, but, in case, I would be to your disposition to protect Mrs. Nassau and you. So, do not be afraid to send your boat for help if it was some palaver again. I should go myself with my soldiers. Please offer my respects to Mrs. Nassau."

Subsequently on a visit he said that the only fault he found in my action of that morning was that I had not shot Nyare when he thrust that dagger at me.

That I had sent a word to the French Governmental representative was soon reported in the villages. Doubtless there was exaggeration in the report. Nyare gathered his women and goods, and fled to the forest, leaving his huts to be burned by the expected French soldiers. As, however, no French appeared, one of his men timidly came to me the next day, asking whether I would permit Nyare to return to his village. I was willing to allow the fear of France to trouble him, and did not say what I would or would not do; but told him that the village should not be burned, and that I had not ordered Nyare to flee. On the following day he and his people returned from the forest.

Six weeks later I witnessed a remarkable sight.

Looking from my door on the hilltop, I saw another procession, but unlike the previous hostile one. There was Nyare (whose repeated efforts at reconciliation I had refused) and those same dozen men, but all unarmed, with women and children and slaves, and each carrying something, cassava-bread, plantains, fruits, fowls, a goat and other things. They silently filed up the hill and on to my little veranda. And silently they deposited those things at my feet. That meant that they were not for sale, but gifts. They waited, according to native custom, that I should salute Nyare, that one salutation being sufficient also for them all. I did not salute or even look at him. I saluted the women and children. That, from native point of view, was not only discourteous but insulting to him. To give despised women and unimportant children a recognition that was withheld from his chieftain-self! I intended the discourtesy as part of his punishment. I made myself affable with his head-wife Nyamba (a woman who, under civilization, would have been called queenly). She observed that I took no notice of the gifts. That, too, was a discourtesy, to seem to despise a gift. She asked, did I not see them? "Yes, I see; but, carry them away." Nyare then spake, "But, why? Are we

not friends? And do not friends give and receive gifts?" "Yes: I will be friendly with your people, but not with you. Your dagger cut our friendship." "But I have come to mend it." "No, never!" "Will you never give me a gift?" "I will. And you and your people shall come and go as you like, and I will come to your village as formerly. I take these things to-day as a fine for your assault, but I will refuse ever to accept any thing from you in friendship." That was humiliating to him. And that was the attitude I maintained during all the subsequent three years of his residence there. The report of it spread everywhere. Other tribes learned that Nyare was not so great as he had claimed to be, and that he did not "own" the white man. That report went the seventy miles down river to my old Kângwe Station. I had need every month to send my canoe there for mails and supplies. On the way, the tribes and villages were having chronic quarrels, assaults, and captures. Sometimes my crew were afraid to run the gauntlet. But, after that report of my action, so great became the respect for me, that when occasionally my canoe was pursued by people who had not recognized at first whose it was, my men needed only to call out, "We are Nassau's!", and their

pursuers would cease; in departing, saying, "Go on, in peace; we do not fight with Nasâ. He is a man." Best of all; people in the far interior learned that Nyare's power was broken, and that they were perfectly safe to visit the Missionhouse. Thenceforward I had visitors who came from an hundred miles distant, having heard exaggerated reports of the wonderful things to be seen at "Nasâ's house," its organ, sewing-machine, mechanical toys, etc.; all of which, to the superstitious strangers, seemed to have some witchcraft about their hidden movements, but which I explained so differently from their own fetish sorcery-doctors. After their curiosity had been satisfied, I always gathered them on the veranda, their leader, his women and retainers, often as many as fifty, and I preached Jesus unto them. Before they left, I assured myself that they understood at least one word. "Now say to me what I have been telling you. Whose name did I speak?" "Jesu." "And who was He?" "The son of Njambe-Creator." "And what did He come to earth for?" "To forgive our sins." "I told you, He would forgive *you*, if you prayed to Him. Now tell all this story to your people far away when you go back to them." I am sure that Story has been re-told to the thousands

whom I never met, by those who never could have come to me, had I not opened the way by my fight against Nyare's attempt at domination and restriction.

VI

GORILLA-HUNTING

Gorillas are limited in their habitat. Of all the continents, they exist only in Africa. And, in Africa, they exist only in the Western Equatorial portion, in a region about 700 miles square. North of the Equator as far as 5 degrees north latitude; and south of the Equator as far as the Kongo; and extending interior about 800 miles. It is noticeable that this same gorilla region is also the only portion of Africa where the lion is scarcely known. This remarkable coincidence is due probably to the fact that, in all the other more open parts of the continent, the lion finds abundance of food in the large herds of antelopes and other wild animals that constitute its prey. But in the Great Forest, though wild oxen, antelopes, and-so-forth are found, they do not exist in such numbers as would satisfy the lion. The dense shades of that Forest, and especially the almost impenetrable jungles of the deltas, whose

rivers empty into the South Atlantic, are the chosen and favorable retreats of the gorilla.

One of these rivers, the Ogowe, entering the ocean by at least four mouths some sixty to eighty miles south of the Equator, was the special region where DuChaillu hunted his gorillas in 1850. As that same Ogowe region was my home during 1874-1891, I was living in the very heart of the gorilla habitat.

What I then learned from native information and my own observation satisfied me that DuChaillu's accounts, at first regarded by many as exaggerated, are in the main correct. He errs, however, in saying that the gorilla is not gregarious, and that it makes a noise as loud as a drum by beating its breast with its hands. It does beat its breast in anger; but its noise "like thunder" is a native exaggeration.

That it is gregarious I know; for I once saw the tracks and sleeping-places, still warm from their recent presence, of a herd of twenty. And a native on the Bonito River told me, in 1866, of his seeing a fleeing herd of thirty. Possibly in his excitement he counted more than there really were. A young man, on the Ogowe, told me he had seen a company of five. Three are often seen together. Commonly they are seen singly,

a male, or a mother and her child. In the mating season, the male mates with from four to six females, usually about four. These he keeps guard over; no other wild animal makes any approach to him in watchfulness as a sentinel. He is brutal and selfish. A male has been known to snatch from its mother's arms an infant gorilla, and fling it into a bee's nest, in order to seize the honey-comb, after the enraged bees had concentrated on the helpless baby. Mothers will fight for their young; but if wounded, will desert them. Though so strong as justly to be called (in absence of the lion) King of the Great Forest, in common with all the other animals inhabiting the Forests, he exhibits fear of man. He avoids any approach to human habitations. His haunts are usually in the densest part of almost impenetrable jungles, but not far from some stream of water; and when approached by man he almost invariably flies. Winwood Reade hunted for months over DuChaillu's route, and for weeks failed even to see a gorilla. The young ones hang upon their mother's back when escaping; but, if they are thrown off in any way, the fear of the mother is so great that she does not stop to protect or recover her young. But, if wounded, or escape is cut off, or unable to retreat, the gorilla, male or

female, will defend itself as long as life is left. But, as for offensively attacking man, as averred by DuChaillu, I do not think it probable. Except under certain conditions, as, when, in the mating season, occasionally, a male gorilla is left without a mate. In such cases, the mated males and females unite in driving this unmated fellow from their presence, and for several months he becomes a morose bachelor, to whom life is a vexation, and who, like "rogue" elephants, seeks to attack other beings. If DuChaillu ran across such a customer as this, it is not improbable that, having no Mrs. Gorilla and babies to care for, it made no effort to escape, and, upon being approached, gave battle to the explorer. The food of the gorilla consists only of berries and other wild fruits. Among these are the large red berries of the Phrynium, and the aromatic pods of the Amomum, and numerous wild oily nuts, resembling in taste chestnuts and walnuts. In its wild state it is solely graminivorous; but, even in captivity, it does not readily accept even cooked meat. On one of the African steamers, on which I was a passenger, a very valuable half-grown gorilla died of starvation because its supply of bananas was exhausted. It refused all else. Monkeys and chimpanzees, when domesticated, long

for cooked meats. Other graminivorous wild animals in the forest, such as elephants, hippopotami and antelopes, find their food on leaves and twigs and grasses by river banks or on prairies. These all like the plants and vegetables of native plantations, where they are very destructive. The gorilla, overcoming temporarily its fear of human proximity, joins these other depredators in seeking the bananas, plantains and sugar-cane.

The gorilla's resting-places at night are at the base of hollow trees, in the grasses of occasional small open spots or glades in the forest, but preferably between the buttresses which many kinds of large trees throw out from their trunks toward several points of the compass as props against the force of tornadoes, thus making convenient corners in which to lie. They are said also to occupy the crotches or forks of the lower branches of trees. But they are chimpanzees who usually choose those forks and build rough nests there with broken branches. I do not think that the gorilla makes any nest or house. I have seen the resting-places of both gorillas and chimpanzees (not together) in all such spots.

The gorilla's strength is enormous. It is the habit of newcomers to Africa to underrate the

gorilla. But the fearful reach of its long limbs, width of shoulders, size of chest, and strength of arm and hand make me readily believe in its ability to bend a gun-barrel. A French Protestant missionary friend, at the time recently arrived in the Ogowe, in a conversation before he had ever seen a gorilla, said to me that if attacked by a gorilla he did not see why he should not be able to seize it by the arms and wrestle with it as he would with any human assailant. Some time afterward, when that friend was again visiting me, it happened that the carcass of an adult male gorilla was brought to me for purchase. It was the largest specimen I had ever seen. I called my friend to inspect it. He looked at it; but positively refused to come near it, so great was the impression its horrible face and enormous muscles made on him.

When a gorilla gets into a fight, his opponent is pretty sure to get hurt. For, with the gorilla, it is war to the death. The skeletons have been found of a leopard and a gorilla locked in each other's embrace. In these fights the gorilla clasps his powerful arms around the leopard, and, holding him with a vise-like grip, crushes him to death, while the jaws of the leopard are fastened upon the throat of the gorilla. In the meantime, the

leopard, with its sharp claws and muscular hind legs, literally disembowels the gorilla. In attacking human beings, it possibly may, as Du-Chaillu describes, stand erect on its hind legs; but usually it advances in half-stooping posture, with an extended foot, seizes with its toes, drags down with its hands, disembowels by its claw-like finger-nails, or tears with its teeth and fearful jaws. It would be hopeless for a man to attempt to defend himself by stabbing with a knife as bear hunters have sometimes done; the gorilla's long arms would reach the man before the latter could touch it with his knife. A spear might be used, if the hunter was sure that his first thrust would be fatal. Otherwise the gorilla would instantly snatch the spear from him. Similarly, a gun's fire must be fatal, or (as natives assert) it too will be seized and turned aside. (This would be true only of native "trade" flint-lock guns, the appreciable interval of time, between the flash of whose pan and the impact of the slugs used as bullets, actually gives the active beast time to dodge.) A native hunter, in approaching the gorilla, reserves his fire until so close that there can be no dodging. But, woe to him, if his gun only flashes in the pan, or the wounds by the slugs fail to be immediately fatal. Gorilla-hunt-

ing is especially difficult, because of, besides the usual alertness of all wild animals, its quick movements (notwithstanding its apparent awkwardness),—its sharp, almost human instincts,—its dangerousness if only wounded, and its ferocity, revealed, more than by other wild animals, by its eye. There is an added difficulty, because of the density of the thickets it preferably inhabits in abandoned plantations, or even of the ordinary jungles surrounding the clearings of plantations actually in use.

It is noticeable that women are the ones by whom gorillas are more frequently met; for, women, not men, are the constant workers in these gardens, which are from half a mile to a mile distant from the villages. Perhaps because women are timid and always unarmed is the reason why they are sometimes pursued by these beasts. Stories are told of gorillas' pursuit and abduction of women. But I do not regard them as authentic. The following tale was written in his native Benga dialect by a man of Corisco Island. I give a translation of it, regarding it rather as a legend.

This legend is really believed, and was reported as having actually occurred. The thought of a gorilla terrifies women in going through the forest

to their plantations. But, while it is true that the gorilla uses its great teeth to bite and destroy in its anger, it never eats flesh. It lives entirely on fruits and vegetables, notwithstanding the native statement in this story. That statement is probably only the impossible feat, prominent in native folk-lore, of the beast playing the part of a human being:

“A certain woman went to the forest to do her work in her plantation. All the morning she spent in doing these works, then she said, ‘I am going back to the village.’

“Late in the afternoon, when near the village, and not looking ahead, she did not see a gorilla coming, and she met it on the path. It took her back with it to the depths of the forest, on, and on, to the base of a great tree. It also clasped the woman tightly at the base of the tree, where it was sitting, and said, ‘I will eat her only in the morning’ (For the gorilla does not eat at night anything it has killed in the afternoon).

“Now, before the gorilla had brought her there, she had her basket with her on her back. At midnight, the gorilla being asleep, the woman gradually withdrew one arm, but the gorilla, half-awakened, held her again fast, sitting up and clasping her.

“Later on, in the early morning, sleep said to the gorilla, ‘I’ve caught you!’ And it reclined in sleep, all its arms and legs extended. Then the woman slowly drew up her body, and seizing a bundle of large leaves which was in the basket, thrust them into the wide-opened mouth of the gorilla, clear down into its throat. Then she did not wait an instant, and she did nothing else but run rapidly to the village to tell the people. When they came, they found the gorilla dead.”

The young of the chimpanzee have sometimes been mistaken by unscientific observers for young gorillas. But they differ both in their looks and in their traits. The former readily accept human handling and domestication; the latter are morose. The adults of either of these two beasts would never be mistaken for each other. The chimpanzees are much smaller, and in the forest are more gregarious. And they do not hesitate to approach human habitations.

In 1903 I was visiting in a village on the left bank of the estuary of the Gaboon River. This hamlet was only a collection of four or five huts, hastily built on the edge of a prairie that skirts the forest, a few hundred yards distant. It was not what the inhabitants would call their “town” residence. That was in a larger collection of

well-built houses, with regular streets, and near the seaside. This country-house was for convenient going to and from their plantations of cassava and plantains, which are pitifully depredated by elephants, wild oxen, and pigs, antelopes, chimpanzees, monkeys and other wild beasts.

In the cool of the afternoon, when all such animals are either gathering to their night shelters or are starting out to depredate (according to their diurnal or nocturnal habits) and at such times are calling to each other, I heard a great outcry of chimpanzees. Apparently they could not have been more than half a mile distant in the forest. The tones of their voices were distinct and varied, evidently indicating a variety of feelings. Some of the cries seemed to be of angry authority, others of indignant protest, others of timid fear, and others of physical pain.

I asked my native friends what were the animals doing that they made such outcries, so different from what I had heard at other times elsewhere, and which were only ordinary and unexcited calls. I was told that the cries came either from a female beaten by its male, a child beaten by a parent, or, more probably, a slave beaten by the company. I was surprised at the word "slave." On consideration, I felt that the state-

ment was possible, when I recalled that it is known that certain ants hold other ants in menial service.

My host asserted that chimpanzees condemned some one or more of their company to be their burden-bearers. Not that they did not all carry burdens, but that uncomfortable or heavy or extra loads were put on this poor slave. Some times he would rebel or protest. Then he would be beaten either with their heavy hands, or by any stick or club picked up on the spot.

As I listened, it seemed to me that that was just what was being done at that very moment. When the yells of objurgation by the masters, and the screams of protest by the slave, and the varied comments of the spectators had almost ceased, there continued, less and less, as the company evidently receded, the sobs and moans of the slave, now no longer resisting, but painfully accepting his task.

My host went on to tell me of other habits of the chimpanzees, and of their liking for the use of clubs. I asked him how they produced the drumming sound which I and other travelers had heard often, but never had actually had the chance of seeing performed; and which, in the case of the gorilla, DuChaillu believed was produced by

beating its huge breast with its fist. The reply was, that while it is true that both gorilla and chimpanzee do beat their chests (generally in anger) the drumming sounds were not caused in that way. He said that they beat with sticks of wood either on hollow logs, or hollow trees, or on dry logs of some known resonant wood. This seemed reasonable, remembering the "drumming," by their wings on a log, of the males of certain game birds in the United States.

Any single gorilla is a terror to any native. A single chimpanzee is not. But a company of them can put to flight all women and even unarmed men. My host told me that the chimpanzee, though naturally timid and generally harmless, when emboldened by numbers, and aroused in defense of their young, will seize the nearest stick of wood and, rushing at their human invader, will beat him into precipitate flight.

It is a common native assertion, and believed by some of them, that the chimpanzee (and all other classes of monkeys) can talk with human voice if they choose to do so; but that they choose not to so do, lest Mankind, finding them thus amenable to reason, should seize them and make slaves of them.

My informant went on to say, "the chimpanzee

is accustomed sometimes to act like a human being when a person is on the point of shooting it with a gun. If it is a female, then it takes hold of its breast and shows it to that person, thus seeming to say, 'Do you not know that I am a woman, as your mother? The breast that you sucked is just like this; and you, do you say you want to kill me?' The chimpanzee has other human habits also. When it has born a child, then it takes leaves and other articles of medicine and puts them on the frontal openings of the head; which is just like what we people do."

After the interest aroused in scientific circles by DuChaillu's tales in 1860, efforts were made in England and Europe to obtain living specimens; but for many years without success. For a number of years the Zoölogical Society of London kept a standing offer of £1,000 for the delivery of a live gorilla on the Liverpool dock. This tempting offer aroused traders on the Equatorial rivers in efforts to induce the natives to capture and sell the rare beast. About the year 1877 a young friend of mine, a Mr. Woodward, trading as clerk for an English firm, near my Kângwe Mission-station in the Ogowe River, and not far from the present French military post, Lambarene, secured a young female gorilla less

than two years of age. In my friendship for him I stinted myself of my supply of condensed milk to assist him in saving its valuable life. He nursed it tenderly as a human babe, and allowed it to sleep in his own bed, as it moaned when put away by itself. He kept it at his Trading-house for several months in order to domesticate it, and succeeded in having it eat rice and other farinaceous food. When his term of service ended he started with his prize on the 6,000-mile steamer journey to England. When the island of Madeira was reached the gorilla was still in good health. And England was only eight days distant! He telegraphed to London.

On the journey he had been allowed special privileges. Instead of his prize being placed with the monkeys, parrots and other specimens that crowd an African steamer's deck, his gorilla was allowed the use of an unoccupied cabin. When within three days of land, while the sailors were giving the vessel its usual "house-cleaning" and fresh painting before entering port, they happened to place their paint-pots overnight in that same cabin. The poor beast, attracted by the smell of the linseed oil, put her hands into the pots and licked off the paint. The white lead poisoned her, and she died. Even its carcass,

and especially its brain, would still have been valuable. I do not know what was done with it. Probably, in his disappointment, the owner cast it into the sea.

Later, an effort was made by some Hamburg men. They sent out a naturalist to the Gaboon region with instructions to bring back a live gorilla at any cost. Five young gorillas were secured, the youngest not six months old, and the oldest about two years. They were carefully placed in a large, specially constructed wooden box, only the front of which was barred, for the sake of ventilation. It was divided into three compartments, the division walls being also barred, instead of solid planking. The walls of the middle compartment were padded, so that the little beasts should not be injured by the tossing of waves on the sea-journey.

In one of the end compartments were several grown chimpanzees; and in the other end were some rare specimens of monkeys. It was hoped that the sight and proximity of these beasts would comfort the little gorillas. I happened to be visiting at Libreville during the days that the Hamburg naturalist was there awaiting a steamer. It was amusing to watch the movements of the chimpanzees. One of them was an elderly fe-

male, whose sympathies were aroused for the motherless gorilla, whose change of diet from breast-milk to other food griped the youngster, and kept it continually whining and moaning. The chimpanzee would reach through and pat the little thing on the head, expressing in her looks and actions real sympathy. But sympathy did not restore him to his mother nor remove his colic; and continuing to moan incessantly, the patience of the old chimpanzee became exhausted, and, reaching through, she caught the little fellow, held him down with one paw, and spanked him with the other, precisely as a human mother does her naughty boy.

When I was on furlough in the United States during 1872-'73, my friend, Thomas G. Morton, M.D., of Philadelphia, was deeply interested by the above information I had given him concerning gorillas, and asked me to endeavor to obtain for him a specimen. There had never been in America a living specimen. There were one or two stuffed specimens, and parts of skeletons. But nothing perfect. I promised him. And on my return to Africa in 1874, was sent by my society to open a new and untried field as the first missionary to the Ogowe River. This was in the very center of the gorilla habitat. In my itinera-

tions I had, incidentally, opportunities of coming upon gorillas. But, for years I failed to secure one. In 1878 I succeeded. I wrote to Dr. Morton, as follows:—

“Kângwe Hill, Ogowe River, Kongo-Français,
South-West Africa, April 19, 1878.

My dear Doctor:

I am glad to inform you that I have at last obtained a gorilla carcass for you. It is not what I would have preferred, or perhaps what you wanted, i. e., an adult. But adults are not very often killed, and apparently never caught; so I consider myself fortunate that I have even this.

Formerly, had this been killed by natives living even a few hours distant, I could have obtained, probably, only an imperfect skin and a portion of the larger bones, the small bones would have been lost in the cooking of the flesh. (Not all these tribes eat gorilla; the inland tribes, e. g., the Fang and Bakele, do.) Now the natives have learned that we white people want skins, and they will now flay a carcass with some care; but they have not appreciated that we want *all* the bones of the skeleton. This specimen died at the adjacent English Trading-house, much to the disappointment of the owner, who had expected to

make a small fortune out of it, had he succeeded in carrying it alive to England. When it died he gave it to me, because, while it was living, I, rather than quarrel about it, had yielded it to him, our right of possession being in dispute. He had it for a few weeks, and it had become quite tame. It is a male, probably fifteen or eighteen months old. I do not know the exact cause of its death; probably inflammation of the bowels. When it was first brought to the trading-house by the natives, it was half starved, they having given it scarcely any food for a week; and its right arm above the elbow was broken by their violence in its capture.

I immersed it in a twenty gallon cask of rum within six hours after its death; and, that the liquor might penetrate and bathe all the organs both below and above the diaphragm, I made two small incisions. The skin is not, therefore, spoiled, should you wish to stuff it. The constant diarrhœa had reduced the poor thing to half its proper bulk of flesh. I send the barrel the two hundred miles to Libreville, Gaboon, now by a small river steamer going there, where it will have to await the first opportunity by Yates and Porterfield's (an American firm) sailing vessels to New York.

I send also an almost perfect skeleton of the largest adult male gorilla ever seen here. It must have been very old, for you will see that some of the teeth are decaying. The man who shot it told me that he surprised it one morning in his plantation, eating sugar-cane. As gorillas are generally gregarious, this may have been an outcast "rogue"; for he was alone. The man shot it in the loins, and, although it fell fatally wounded, it attempted to rise and fight, when a second shot killed it. I had hired this man two years ago to bring me any gorilla he might kill, and he had been on the lookout. It was at this same village from which I obtained the imperfect skeleton I sent you more than a year ago. That village is down the river, and two days would be required to paddle up-stream to me; so this hunter had made no effort to bring me the entire thing; for he knew it would be decomposed. (Even our own human dead are expected by the Government to be buried in twelve hours after death.) The carcass he had allowed to rot where it lay; and, when the bones were cleared of the flesh, he brought them to me. As it is, I find that there are missing one tibia, one fibula, one clavicle, and at least five small bones of the hands and feet.

It is very rare to get so perfect an entire skeleton of an adult. Heads alone are more frequent. The subject of gorillas has received quite a stimulus by the presence here of a German Zoölogist who has come out for the express purpose of obtaining a live gorilla. Notwithstanding his having aroused native cupidity (and consequently advanced the price of gorillas both dead and living) he has not, after many months' effort, obtained more than three living young gorillas, and they all died. Yet it is undeniable that gorillas are numerous in this part of Africa; but the big ones are too sly to be caught, and the little ones are too delicate to live. I do not know why they should be more delicate than monkeys; for, the four young gorillas I have seen during this last year in the hands of others, and the one I owned myself two years ago, were easily tamed and liked to be petted. But, when vexed, they would attempt to bite; and, when thwarted, would violently dash their heads against the wall. They did not play as much as my monkeys, and I think that they pined for the forest."

The white man at Libreville to whom I consigned that barrel for forwarding to New York, in writing to a friend in the U. S., attempted to take for himself the credit for obtaining the first

entire gorilla carcass "sent to America"; and he is so reported in a book published on wild animals! But, my consignment safely reached Dr. Morton, and was announced in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* of July 30th, 1878, as follows: "Dr. Thos. G. Morton, of this city, last week received from the Rev. R. H. Nassau, a missionary on the Ogowe River, West Africa, the carcass of a young two-year-old gorilla, which is said to be the first carcass of the kind ever brought to this country. Although subjected to a hot climate and a long journey, it was found on arrival to be in an excellent state of preservation. Heretofore, only stuffed specimens of the animal have been seen in this country, with now and then an imperfect skeleton. But as this gorilla is entire, it will afford a good opportunity for studying the structure and organs of the animal, and comparing them with those of man.

"Soon after its arrival, the gorilla was photographed by Gutekunst, who obtained a full length picture, together with an excellent profile of the head and a full face view. The pictures are of large size and show all the features of his African majesty with good effect. But a personal examination, of course, gives a better idea of the

animal than can be obtained from any written description. At present the carcass is in the Museum of the Pennsylvania Hospital, 8th and Spruce, where it was injected by W. Nash of the University, preparatory to being placed upon the dissecting table. It is the intention to have the carcass thoroughly and minutely examined. To do this, several months will be required, and Dr. H. C. Chapman has kindly consented to undertake the main part of this work, the results of which will be anxiously looked for by medical men and others. The specimen secured is that of a young male, but as the relations of the animal to society remain undefined, the deceased is alluded to as 'it' instead of 'he.' A wasting disease reduced the carcass of the youthful gorilla considerably; but fortunately the organs, etc., are in a good condition for examination, as the carcass was placed in rum a few hours after death.

"The head of the animal is quite large in proportion to the body, and looks as if it might have been the abode of much sagacity. A little tuft of hair remains above the left ear, the rest having been eaten off by the liquor. The eyes are large, and were evidently bright and spirited during life; but one is closed now, and the whole coun-

tenance has a melancholy appearance. The nose is very flat; the mouth large and prominent, while the ears are small. The arms, like those of the monkey family generally, are much longer in proportion to the size of the body than the legs; but the hands and feet have much of a human look about them, and indicate that the possessor had greater use for them than the monkey tribe. The arms as well as the legs are tufted with long black hair. What might have been an incipient beard is seen upon the receding chin, while a short stubby growth appears upon the upper lip. The limbs are quite thin, and the carcass generally has the same appearance. Altogether, however, the specimen is an interesting one, and Dr. Morton considers himself fortunate in having secured it. The post-mortem will doubtless reveal many interesting particulars in regard to the animal, and the microscopic studies will especially be looked forward to with much interest. In addition to the carcass, the skeleton of a full grown gorilla was received at the same time."

Later, on the 31st of October, the following report of a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences was made in a Philadelphia newspaper: "The last meeting of the Academy was unusually well attended, the attraction being a communica-

tion from Dr. H. C. Chapman on the anatomy and zoölogical position of the gorilla. The speaker stated that he took great pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to Dr. Thomas G. Morton, of this city, for the very rare chance of dissecting a young specimen of this animal, it having been seldom done abroad, and never before in this country, as far as he knew. For a number of years past, Dr. Morton has made numerous efforts to obtain a gorilla; and finally, through the kind offices of Rev. R. H. Nassau, of a missionary station in the Ogowe country, a hundred miles below the equator in Africa, succeeded, in the early part of the summer, in getting to Philadelphia the subject of the present communication. The specimen was sent from the Gaboon River preserved in rum; and, through the excellent precaution of Dr. Nassau, was received here, considering all the circumstances, in an excellent state of preservation. Owing to his numerous professional engagements, Dr. Morton was unable to dissect any part of the animal himself, except the right leg. Before proceeding further with his remarks, Dr. Chapman took occasion to call attention to a superb skeleton of an adult gorilla presented to the Academy this evening by Dr. Morton. Dr. Nassau, from whom this was also

received, states that it is the largest specimen seen by himself or other Europeans in the Ogowe country. It stands about five feet six inches in height, and will form an exceedingly valuable addition to the Museum. Dr. Chapman believed that the cause of death of the young gorilla dissected by him was phthisis, as the lungs were found upon examination to be very much decomposed. All monkeys in a state of captivity are more or less subject to this disease. When received, the specimen measured twenty-one inches from the heel to the crown of the head; the upper extremities were seventeen and a half inches, and the lower thirteen and a half inches long, the tips of the fingers reaching three and a half inches below the knee when the animal stood erect. The length of the upper extremities is consequent upon the peculiar gait of the animal, which shuffles along semi-erect on all fours, using the extended hand as a fulcrum, and not flexing the fingers like the chimpanzee. A very noticeable difference in this young male, as compared with an old one, is the entire absence from the head of the crest or ridge of bone running along the top of the skull, which is so characteristic a feature of the adult male. The young gorilla, however, exhibits that width and elongation of the face and massiveness

of the jaws which give the animal such a brutal expression, and an approach to which we see in the Papuans, Hottentots, Caffirs and others of the lower tribes of mankind." The report continued with a technical anatomical description, and a scientific discussion of the gorilla's position as related to other monkeys and mankind. And, "Dr. Leidy took occasion to express to Dr. Morton the thanks of the Academy for his magnificent gift of an adult gorilla skeleton."

Subsequently, on my furlough in this country during 1880-1881, Dr. Morton asked me to obtain for him a gorilla brain. The brain of the little one dissected by Dr. Chapman in 1878 was decomposed and unfit for examination; as, though my incisions into the abdomen and chest had allowed the rum to enter and preserve the viscera, I had neglected to make any opening into the brain cavity. I told him I thought I could obtain one. And he sent with me, on my return to Africa in 1881, a carboy of chloride of zinc in which to preserve the brain should I get it. I made efforts during the eight following years, and failed; for those efforts were always secondary to my ministerial work on my missionary journeys. So, regretfully, I wrote him that I gave up the hope of getting a brain in any incidental way. I had

clung to the hope, and had had a decided belief that I could obtain it. But I came to the conviction that it was impossible, except for an explorer or traveler or some one who would make a business of it, hampered by nothing else, and who could sit down in a native village for a few weeks, hiring the hunters to go out daily. This is the way DuChailu obtained his dozen specimens (now in the British Museum).

Later, in 1889, I determined to take a short vacation from my Talaguga home, to a region more frequented by gorillas, and devote a week in a systematic hunt.

I made my plans with great forethought as to details. In July and August the season would be cool and dry, when I could hunt with less discomfort from possible rains; no flooded low grounds. A large proportion of the forest leaves fall in the Dry Season, leaving the thickets less dense, and giving better chance for spying animals. There were scarcely any gorillas in the hilly Talaguga region where I was then living. I had known of but two being killed during the eight years I had been there. So I closed my house, taking with me my little daughter and her native nurse, not knowing how soon I should return, and went down river seventy miles to my

former Kângwe Station, which was then occupied by a Mr. Gacon, a lay missionary. Here I chose a good crew of eight young men. Dr. Morton's carboy of chloride of zinc had been carefully kept during all the previous eight years. I took a jugful of it. Not to waste my alcohol (in which was to be immersed the expected gorilla brain for transmission to America) I took along several gallons of rum. Proper receptacles were taken for receiving the brains. I took my sixteen-repeater Winchester rifle, and a double-barreled gun (suitable for either shot or bullet), and invited with me Mr. Gacon, who had been a Swiss sharpshooter, and who had the latest army breech-loading rifle. For the native hunters, I took two of the best (very poor at best) flint-lock muskets from an adjacent Trading-house; goods for two weeks, as payment for native assistants, etc. From the Andëndě house of Kângwe Station, in my six-oared boat, we all went about fifteen miles down river to the village of a friend, Aveya. There we ate our noon meal. Hiring a man to guide us among the hundreds of islands of Lakes Onange and Ogēmwe, we resumed journey in the afternoon and entered Lake Onanga. The islands were all covered with heavy forests growing out of volcanic rocks red with iron. The

Lake is very deep in places, and most of the approaches to the islands rocky and unsafe. We found an island protected with a cove and smooth sandy beach. There we pitched our tents, and took our supper. The island was small and uninhabited. No wild animals; perhaps snakes. Startled at our camp-fire, the hippopotami snorted in their lake shallows. But we were safe. They attack in the water only when wounded, or while in charge of their young. They never leave the water to attack ashore. Next day, Wednesday, July 17th, we rose early, and moved on to another island that was inhabited; and by 9 A. M., were comfortably lodged in the hut of another friend, Okendo, in Lake Ogēmwe. After the noon meal, Mr. Gacon impatiently went out hunting with one of my men, Ogula. They returned, having seen signs of gorillas, but not the animals themselves. A council was held in the evening with the villagers, as to time, routes, and the art of hunting gorillas. Some two or three old men and half a dozen young ones, whom I did not know, voluntarily attached themselves to our party, evidently for gain, and eventually I forbade them following us; for they hampered us. Everybody was sure I should not be in the village four days without succeeding in my search. They told won-

derful stories of the numbers and audacity of the gorillas; that not two days passed but that somebody saw them in the gardens. As the garden work is done principally by women, it was they who most frequently saw them, actually meeting them in the paths, and sometimes being pursued by males. From all their accounts, the gorilla is full of the arts and tricks of the monkey tribe; especially quick in reading faces. Women being unarmed and afraid, the animals were more daring to them than to man. But they all said that we white people could have no chance of getting near; that the animals would detect our strange odor, and would fear our white color. Yet they hoped we would kill many; for their gardens were devastated by gorillas, pigs, oxen and elephants. Most of the men said that, though they often saw these animals, they were afraid to shoot with their flint-locks that often uncertainly flashed in the pan, or whose slug-shots were not immediately fatal; that then they were at the mercy of the wounded beasts. They advised us, if we met with a male who dared to face us, not to fire until only a few yards distant; and, even then, not to aim at the head; for, the animals had the art (being acquainted with guns, and all having informed each other, as the natives believed) of

ducking down the head at the click of the trigger. We were to aim at the abdomen, which from its size could not fail to be injured, and the head or chest would probably be pierced by the animal's having brought it in line with a shot aimed, as it had supposed, at its head. (This might be good advice for a slowly-exploding native trade gun, but not for a quick-firing rifle.)

Early the next day, July 18th, we all went, some fourteen men and eight dogs, in the boat to another large island, arriving there shortly after sunrise. My own crew of six were afraid; so I left them in the boat, and Ogula described to them the lay of the land, so that they might follow around to another side of the island where we would probably emerge. The rest of us entered the thicket. It was very dense; it grows up so wherever there are abandoned plantations. The original forest is easily threaded; for the dense foliage of the tall trees kills out by its shade the underbrush. But gorillas are looked for mostly in the plantations, old and new. Yet, after four hours of search, we saw or heard nothing, except that we came upon the tracks of wild hogs. And we returned tired to our dinner in the village. In the afternoon, Okendo, whose wife's plantation was on another part of the island

at which we had been in the morning, came in frantic haste saying that a gorilla was just then seen by her. We went. Sure enough, there were the pieces of sugar-cane the beast had chewed and spat from its mouth, still wet with spittle; and the broken branches of the cassava (manioc) plants marked its exit from the garden. Following the trail, we divided into three companies. I was in the center with a friend, Osamwamani. Mr. Gacon went to the right with Ogula. Ogula was the only one who actually saw the gorilla, a female; but it disappeared before he could draw his gun on it. This stimulated our plans that night for the next day's work. The next day, Friday the 19th, Mr. Gacon started in a canoe with three men at 5 A. M., and I followed an hour later in the boat with my crew of six, and only four other men. Landing, I left the crew in the boat to follow us, as on the previous day. Mr. Gacon joining us, we went in the general direction of the previous afternoon. There were frequent and fresh signs; even of dung still warm. The thicket was impossible to be passed by a human being in any other than the too noisy way of cutting with the long knives we carried, or by crawling under the mass. This mass was of vines, bushes, and (worst of all) a grass with stems

growing many yards in length, whose long, narrow leaves were, on their edges, as sharp as knives. The density of this entire growth above killed out the leaves and twigs lower down; and there the thicket was tunneled with many passages, intersecting and opening out into spaces of a square rod or two where might be a clump of trees and where the animals had their sleeping-places beneath the lower branches. Of course, even if a gorilla was heard or sighted in such a thicket while we were crawling, it could get away before we could snatch our guns into position; and, if the animal should only be wounded, we would be in a very ugly place for defending ourselves.

The trail became so hot we were sure the animal was near. We divided, Mr. Gacon at one side, Ogula at another, and I with Osam-wa-mani at a third. I had sent back all the other men, and allowed only one dog, Ogula's Hector. (The too large company of the previous day had been too noisy.)

Suddenly we heard Hector barking sharply; and shortly afterward the screams of a baby gorilla. The noises seemed to be not more than forty or fifty feet from us in the center of the thicket. But we could *see* nothing. The barking

became more savage, the screams more agonized, and, as we tore our way under the bushes, there was added to them the angry howl of a parent gorilla. Every one of us took his own way, losing sight of each other, following the sounds along our several tunnels, the radii to the fierce center. But the bark ceased with a yelp; the screams and howls receded faster than I could follow in my creeping on hands and knees. I emerged into a small open glade where stood Ogula and Mr. Gacon with Hector. The dog had come upon a mother and child at the foot of a tree in a hollow which was still warm. The mother probably had fled at first sight, but evidently had returned at the scream of the child, which the dog had seized. It was just at this moment Ogula had seen them. The mother slapped the dog with her hand, and he dropped the child with a yelp of pain. Ogula allowed the precious opportunity to pass, fearing to kill his dog with the scattered slugs of his musket. Mr. Gacon was in his rear, and emerged on the scene just as the mother, who had picked up her child, disappeared through another tunnel. He had not a moment's time to get his rifle into position.

On our way back to the boat we came to a large

grassy glade, where evidently there must have slept that very night not less than twenty gorillas. The impressions of their bodies in the soft grass were distinct, and some spots still warm. It was exasperating that we had been only a few hundred yards from that spot the previous afternoon, and had passed it that very morning. All our hands and faces were cut and bleeding by the fearful grass in that frantic rush; and I had hurt my knee by a fall over a log. So, we rested and mended ourselves during the afternoon in the village.

On Saturday, the 20th, we all arose at 3 A. M., and, volunteers and all, went to a new place, where, on the previous afternoon, a large male gorilla had been reported. I did not like the plan. I wanted to go to the region of the previous day's hunt. But Ogula was overpersuaded by the volunteers. Their plan was to form a line across the long point of land on which the animal had been heard on the previous afternoon. We entered the forest in the dark of the morning. I was not accustomed to such exhausting work before breakfast. And when, after a long and fruitless search, I emerged faint and weak, I was provoked to find that the three old volunteers had changed their minds, had not followed us, and

were resting comfortably on the sandy beach munching peanuts.

On Monday, the 22nd, I was still lame with my knee. Mr. Gacon, with the hunters, went out to a new place, where the natives had heard of a gorilla on Sunday. But he returned fruitless, except that he had shot a flying squirrel. He went out again in the afternoon alone, but found nothing.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, Ogula and Osam-wamani, ashamed over our ill success, had declared that I should have a gorilla that very day. For that purpose, they went without us before daylight to a distant place. They returned in the evening stating that they had seen many gorillas, some of which had taken refuge in high treetops beyond the range of their muskets. They regretted not having taken us along. We gave up the search for a gorilla. My knee was still inflamed; and Mr. Gacon's enthusiasm had waned. We could not deny that there were gorillas in abundance, but the difficulties in obtaining them were just as obvious.

During all those years, from 1882 to 1889, while I was prevented from hunting by my work at Talaguga, I had employed a Galwa hunter,

Azâze, living at Ngomu about thirty-five or forty miles down river from my former residence, Kângwe. I promised him a good reward if he brought me a dead gorilla in good condition. To get it in good condition to Kângwe, he would have to start immediately, and pull up stream day and night. I relied on some one at Kângwe to receive the carcass for me. Azâze had brought two carcasses there during those years, and while I was at Talaguga, and they were lost; for there was no one at Kângwe who could open a skull carefully. In 1888 he sent a third, a small one. I happened to be on a visit at Kângwe at the time. It reached me just as I was starting on return to Talaguga. I had actually stepped into the boat, and in a few minutes would have started. The messenger had arrived during the night, but had taken his leisure to deliver it. I was willing to delay my journey for the sake of the brain, but the carcass was even then spoiled. And what I would have given a large sum for twenty-four hours earlier I threw into the river as worth nothing. Azâze's last effort was over a very large old male, in July, 1889, only a week before I started to the Lake on my own hunt. He made a desperate effort to bring it in good condition. He arrived on a Sunday, and when I

set to work on the brain early Monday morning, it had already softened.

In July of 1890 I again closed my Talaguga house, and went with my family, on the yearly vacation, to the same Lake as in 1889. But I went to a different place, without any retinue, and with no white associate. At the village, I hired two hunters of the Akēle tribe. In two days' hunting they saw both elephants and gorillas, but failed to kill any. But some young men of the Galwa tribe, knowing my errand, went out on their own account, and found five gorillas, an old male, a young male, and three females. The spot was in sight and gun-sound of the village where I was awaiting my own men, across one of the beautiful bays of the Lake. The females fled, the old male showed some fight, but fled when the young one was shot. The carcass was brought to me still warm. I was shaking with an ague chill; but I commenced on the skull, though I had only a carpenter's buck-saw and chisel. I worked with care; but, in my nervous anxiety, I gave an unfortunate blow or two, and wounded the brain; and much of the brain matter exuded, though I tried to astringe it with the chloride of zinc. Also I had no alcohol, and had to use trade rum. And it did not keep the tissues from

decay. But a few days later, on returning from the Lake to Kângwe, in passing a Fang town on the river, by a very, very rare good fortune, I chanced to be offered for sale two male gorilla children. They were in good condition and tamed. Leaving them at Kângwe in the care of a servant, I went away on a few days' errand. During my absence he neglected them, and they were attacked by "Driver" ants the night of the day before my return. Their cries of agony had been disregarded, and when I arrived they could only moan. I combed thousands of ants off of them. For hours the ants had been biting them, and had filled their eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth, and covered their entire bodies. They were dying with the torture. One died in twelve hours; the other survived two days. That servant had also neglected to feed them, and they were starved before the ants attacked them. Promptly on its death, I placed the brain in the chloride. The second one was still living when I started the next day up river to my Talaguga home, seventy miles, a four days' journey against the current. At night of the first day in camp on a sand-bar I saw it was dying. I put it out of misery, and worked on the brain at midnight by torch-light. I worked very carefully with only a chisel, using no mallet,

and loosened the brain without injuring the membranes. I took off the top of the skull. Being afraid to work down toward the base of the brain, I left it and the cerebellum with a portion of the spinal cord *in situ*; and sawed away the face and jaws so as to make the mass small enough to enter the jar. I inclosed it and also its mate in separate muslin bags, so that they should not abrade each other. On arrival at my house three days later, I decanted the chloride of zinc and substituted rum, and subsequently alcohol.

This jar I carefully carried with me on my furlough to America in May, 1891, and gave the precious contents to Dr. Morton. He placed them in the hands of Dr. Chapman for microscopic examination. They were the first perfect gorilla brains which had been examined by a scientist. An imperfect one had previously been examined in England, and another in Germany. At a meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, January 26, 1892, at which I was present by invitation, Dr. Chapman made his report. The *Journal Science*, of date April 29th, 1892, stated that, "At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Henry C. Chapman described three gorilla brains collected by the Rev. R. H. Nassau, D.D., in

1890, upon the Ogowe River, Southwest Africa. The brains have been presented by him, through Dr. Thomas G. Morton, to the Academy. Dr. Chapman's observations upon these brains are embodied in a paper now in the course of publication in the Academy's *Proceedings*. At the close of Dr. Chapman's communication, Dr. Nassau related his experiences when obtaining the brains."

My address, on that occasion, included the description of the gorilla and its habitat as written in the first part of this story.

VII

UVENGWA: A VAMPIRE

I. *Two Facts*

(1) *Ponji's Wife*

An Uvengwa is believed, in native African superstition, to be a self-resurrected dead body, with or without its "spirit," but animated by at least one of its other three immaterial entities, its "animal life." It is tangible; differing, in that respect, from the universally believed-in Ghost, or disembodied spirit. Its resurrected form is variously supposed to have some physical changes in the shape of the hands and feet.

At Batanga there was a woman named Mwadakuku (a very common name), wife of a man, Ponji. She was of the Bapuku tribe; one of the two tribes dwelling on the Batanga Beach. She died about 1890. Her husband buried her, as was then the custom, in the clay floor of his house. The woman in dying had left a little child about

two years old. It died a few weeks later. People said that the mother, in love for her child, had come back from the other world and had killed the child, in order to take it with her. After this, it was said that she began to follow her husband. Himself believed that that was true, for he said he felt her hands on his arms in his bed. So he left that house, and went to sleep in another house. But, there also, the state of affairs was just the same. He asserted, "My wife lays hold of my body."

Three months thus passed in dread and confusion. And in the fourth month, people said, "If this continues, the man will die." So, they called a dozen strong men to dig up the coffin. They did so in that fourth month. After they had lifted out the coffin, they looked into it, and found that the body was not decayed, except that the teeth had darkened. They took the body out of the coffin, and called all the people, "Come! see what an Uvengwa is like."

They poured kerosene over the corpse, and then placed it in a small canoe. Then they put fire to the body; but it would not burn. So they decided that there was some witchcraft about this matter. They took the canoe with the body to a rock in the sea, a very short distance from the

shore, used as a burning-place for witches and wizards. There they again tried to burn the body and failed. So they left it there exposed on the rocks. Goats, at low tide, played on that rock. They ate of the dead flesh, and they died. People there eat animals that have died of wounds or even disease. But these dead goats were not eaten; they were thrown into the sea.

Only two months later, the man also died. All the people were sure that his wife had enticed him away.

(2) *Joba's Wife*

The wife of Joba, a certain church-member, died in the Hospital at Batanga Beach, about 1898, and was buried.

After the burial, people were alarmed at night by their doors being shaken in sudden and strange ways. Food was missed from their houses, and was found at the grave. They said it was the dead woman that came into their houses to get the food.

So they said to Joba, "Your wife vengwak-andi," (is ghost-walking). But Joba did not believe it, and told the people that it was false. Shortly after the burial, the Doctor had called Joba to come and take out from the hospital the

bed on which his wife had died, to be washed, as the hospital servants, for some reason, refused to touch it. Joba did so; and when he came back to his village, people felt sure that their suspicions were correct; and they asked him, "If it be not that your wife is an Uvengwa, why has the Doctor told *you* to remove the bed?" But Joba still did not believe them, and would not allow the corpse to be disinterred.

He married again; and this wife gradually lost her good health. Finally, in 1905, she said to people that it was that dead first wife who was making her sick, and a demand was made that the corpse should be exhumed and cremated. Because Joba would not consent to this, the woman left him.

2. *Two Fictions*

(1) *Ikedědě*

Njambu built a town, and married women. They conceived; and there were ten births, all of them males. In the course of time, they grew to be stout young men. Then, one day, they said, "Come ye! to make snares." They went to the forest, and when the snares were finished, they went back together to town.

The next morning they called each other together, saying, "Come ye! to look at our snares." They went. On the path they discovered a jomba (cooked meat tied in a bundle of plantain leaves) set, with two mevândâ (cooked cassava rolls). Some said, "Let us eat." But others said, "No!" One of their number, Ikedědě, coming after them, discovered the food standing there. He said, "I'm a-going to eat!" The others said, "Do not eat!" (They suspected it to be of witch origin.) Said he, "I eat it. Shall food be left in the path, and there is one who is hungry, and shall he not eat?" So, he sat down at the food, and ate, and finished. They came to their snares. There were many bush-rats. They took them, and said "Come on!" When they reached the town, they spread the news concerning that jomba, before their father and mothers. (Eating food prepared by a woman not one's wife is a sign of courtship.)

The next day they went again to the forest, discovering another jomba and also two mevândâ. Ikedědě also sat down by the food. The others said, "Do not eat again!" Said he, "I have eaten it." They brought also many rats from their snares. When they arrived at the town, they informed their father and mothers, saying of Ike-

dědě, "This fellow is worthy to die; he is not a proper person." (The sweetheart woman being suspected as a witch.)

Another day broke. They went away together as usual; they came to the place, and discovered the food as before. Ikedědě also knelt down for eating; he ate, and he ate, and he finished. They came upon many rats, and they went back to town. They again related that affair to their father and mothers. When the day was darkened, Ikedědě spoke to his brothers, saying, "If I tell you about this affair, will you believe?" They said, "Why not?" He said, "Now, let us sleep this day in the public Reception-house, all of us in the middle of the floor; I below, and you all on top of me." They slept as he had directed them. Then, at midnight Mwada-mekuku (a spirit-woman; a buried person who has arisen from the grave as a vampire; in native tongue, an Uvengwa), standing at the rear end of the town, was calling, "Ikedědě—O! Ikedědě—O!" He answered, "E! e! E! e!" And she, "Where are you?" And he, "I am here in the Reception-house." Mwada-mekuku entered the room, saying, "Where are you?" "I am at the bottom, all the other nine on top of me." So the woman moved them all (without their being conscious), and she spoke to

Ikedědě, saying, "Give me your hand!" He extended it; and she cut off his arm.

That same night, he aroused his brothers. They arose together, and he said, "Make a fire on the hearth. Is it possible you are not real people!" They lighted the fire-place, and, behold! there was his arm with a piece cut off!

At once, they called their father, and all the town came to an assembly. The father said to him, "You, child! I have told you about this wilfulness of yours. The other children have rebuked you; but you do not listen to them." The day broke. And when the evening sun came, Ikedědě called his brothers, and said, "To-day, you place me under the bedstead, and you on top." The day darkened. They did as he had directed. That woman came at night, and called, and called, "Ikedědě! O-o-o!" And he, "E! e!" And she, "Where are you?" And he, "I am under the bedstead." She came and removed the other children (without their knowing). She said to him, "Stretch out your hand!" He stretched it out; and she cut it off.

Ikedědě aroused his brothers; they lighted the fire-place. When they looked, the other arm was off. The towns-people came and wondered.

The next day early, the tribe was called to-

gether, and they said to Njambu, "Go away from this town. The death of a person is not a thing to be endured." (They assumed that Ikedědě would die.)

On another day, when night came, a leg was cut off. And on another, the same happened, leaving Ikedědě with only a limbless body. Then the father said, "I will migrate." He said to his women, "Carry your things, for the journey." The mother of Ikedědě, said, "Must we leave him?" His father said, "Well, if you can carry him, do you carry; but not I." The mother, in pity, put him in her basket, and, with it on her back, carried him on the journey. The Spirit-woman took her machete, and followed. Then, the mother looked behind; and there was the woman rushing just like a boat before the wind, and crying out, "Ikedědě! O! e-e!" The mother went rapidly, but that woman was getting nearer, and the mother exclaimed, "What is this?" As the woman came nearer and nearer, the mother put him down, and ran away in fear. That woman stood by Ikedědě, and said to him, "You! you love me; and I love you, and I want you to go with me." Ikedědě said to her, "How can I walk, when I have no legs?" She said, "Welcome! Now then, Come! I am without any one

at the town. And you! would you say that you will desert me?" The woman carried him, lifting him on her back, and, taking him off to the town, laid him down. She brought out all his limbs, saying, "Are not these they?" She returned them all to him. Then they went and arrived at their own spirit-town, they two, and remained there.

It was this spirit-woman who loved Ikedëdë; who had set the love-philtered food in the path for him, to cause him to love her; who tried to kill him in order to make him go with her to the spirit-world, and with whom he finally went there.

(2) *Nyangwa-Nkwati*

Njambu built a town. He married wives, and he begat numerous sons and daughters. There they were living; they built; they hewed the forest; they planted; they ate the fruits; they fished; they killed, and they ate the meats. Then one of his sons wished for marriage. And he came to the town of Njambu-ya-Mekâdi, and he said to him, "I have come to marry your child." The father replied, "Yes, I am willing." But while the young man was there, it happened that Nyangwa-Nkwati, one of the wives of his father,

died. So, he took his bride, and arose for the journey to go back to the town of his father. He went on, on, on, on, in his journey, clear to the town of his father, with this daughter-in-law. The towns-people went out to welcome them, "Hail! hail! hail! Welcome! welcome, to the one who comes! Welcome!" from young and old.

They recounted to him the news of the town; and he also to them the news of the journey, in full. In the evening, the father, standing up in the street, announced, "To-morrow we go for a trapping."

By day-break, the nets were prepared, with every man and woman to go, leaving only the daughter-in-law alone in the town.

When the trappers were gone, she was listening, and she heard a song as it was coming from the other end of the town.

"Nyangwa-Nkwati! A ya!

'Kwati, a ya! 'Kwati, a ya! 'Kwati, a ya!"

Suddenly there was a rush of a female being into the house; a machete (cutlass) was extended; it fell on the woman's head with a gash. And she lay a corpse. The other woman cut her all in pieces, and carried them away to the graves.

The trappers began to arrive. The husband

also came. On his entering into the house, and looking around, there was no wife there nor any signs of her. And he wept for his wife.

By day-light, next morning, he promptly rose up to go to the town of his father-in-law. When he arrived there, they said to him, "Wherefore do you come with mourning?" He replied, "Ah! brothers, I do not know the thing that has killed me my wife." The father-in-law said to him, "I told you that you should take care of my child." But at once he give him another wife (on the native ground that, during the too short life of the other woman, he had not received the worth of the dowry-goods he had paid for her).

The young man returned with her to his own town. He entered with her into their house. And she bore a son.

Again the young man's father stood up out in the street, and said, "To-morrow O! To-morrow O! For trapping, O! Let no one remain away from it!"

When the day began to break, the towns-people prepared the nets, and went to the forest. This woman, who had just given birth to her child, and the infant, were left alone. That dead woman, Nyangwa-Nkwati, up-rising from her grave, came again with an excited song,

“Nyangwa-Kwati! A ya, Kwati! Ay a, Kwati!
Nyangwa-Kwati! A ya, Kwati!”

Rushing into the room she tried to seize the mother, who, dropping her infant, rapidly ran off to a hiding place, and thrust herself into it. But the infant, with magic strength, stood up and wounded that woman, who had risen from the dead, with the hard end of a piece of sugar-cane. She also fell a corpse, lying stretched out and swollen in the street. The towns-people came and found the infant alone and crying with hunger, in the house, “Ne! ne! ne! la! la!” Said they, “But where is the mother?” Presently she emerged from her hiding-place, and came and took the child, and gave it the breast. And the people took that corpse and they burned it, thrusting it in a furnace of fire. She was consumed, being entirely burned (as was the custom, to prevent her restless risings from her grave).

The child grew, and became a man full-grown. One day he said to his mother, “Pound for me mekima (rolls of mashed plantains), I am going on a journey to seek a marriage.” So the mother made for him the mekima. He started on his journey, going on, on, on, on, until on the way he met two Ngângâlâ (Millepedes) fighting.

He separated them; and giving them an ukima roll, he passed on.

Before him again, he met two Mwamba (snakes) fighting. He separated also them and gave them an ukima. And passed on before, on, on, on, until he came to a spring. There he found a town built on an ascent, and two maidens were coming down to dip up water from that spring. They said to him, "Such a fine young man as this! Whence do you come?" Said he to the maidens, "Whose town is this?" They replied, "The town of our father."

They left him and went at once back quickly to town. They said to the other maidens, "Come! Isn't this a handsome man who is at the spring?" Said the others, "By the truth?" They replied, "In very truth!" They all went with speed together until they came to the spring. Arrived there, they at first were utterly silent and abashed with surprise. Then they said among themselves, "The young man is fine!" Finally they said to him, "What is your name?" Said he, "I am Saluke-na-Dibadi." They said to him, "Come to the town." He answered, "Yes; come on!" While they were looking at him, he disappeared from their sight; and at once he was up in the town. They wondered together, saying, "Who

is he?" When they arrived at the town, they found that he was there sitting in the town. And again they wondered among themselves.

The towns-people were saying, "The man is fine looking!" The Chief of the town said to him, "Whence do you come?" He replied, "I have come from my father's town to seek marriage in your town." The Chief said, "Yes; good; you are finding women here." He called his wives, and said to them, "Cook food!" They cooked, and brought the food to the house where was the expecting son-in-law, and he ate. Soon then, the Chief called his daughters, and he said to him, "Choose of them whom you shall like." He chose Eyâle, daughter of Ngwelëgë. And the Chief said, "Good!"

But the towns-people had secretly said, "Let him be eaten." (Cannibals killed and ate strangers.) However, Saluke-na-Dibadi had all this time overheard them. They had said also, "Not to-day, but to-morrow."

That day darkened into night. While the people were all in sleep, Saluke-na-Dibadi commanded, "Ngalo! produce an invisible enclosure!" (Ngalo is a powerful charm, accompanied by a spirit as a personal guardian.) The fence appeared at once; and he fastened it around

the entire tribe, the towns-people knowing nothing of it.

At daylight in the morning, the towns-people said, in their haste to eat him, "What else is to be waited for?" They sent two small children, saying, "Call ye him." These went very quickly; and they too, looking with joy to the expected cannibal feast, said to each other on the way, "We shall eat entrails (considered choice parts) to-day, Chum! Eh! Eh!" When they came to him, they deceitfully said to him, "Brother-in-law, we have come to call you. Our father calls you." Eyâle (who knew what was going on) was crying. Her husband asked her, saying, "Wherefore do you weep?" She was afraid to reveal the plans of her people, and said she was not crying at anything. So her husband said to her, "Don't weep any more."

Presently some of the young men came to him, saying, "You are wanted in the Reception-house; our father wishes to speak with you." To gain time, he excused himself, replying, "I am lying down." At this those young men became very angry. They said to the others, "Come! what are we waiting for?" Still the wife continued her weeping. The man then at once stepped out in the street and took his stand before them all. He

called, "Ngalo", and it placed in his hand a long knife. The people shouted at him, "We've come!" He shouted back, "I've come too!" And he took up a song to embolden himself.

"Saluke-na-Dibadi! Menjanjako! Menjako!
Saluke-na-Dibadi! Menjanjako! Menjako!
Saluke-na-Dibadi! Menjanjako! Menjako!"

As he advanced upon the crowd, his strokes fell on them, then a dead body down before him. Another dead body down! A head cut off! A head down! Another head cut off! Another head off!

All the towns-people of that clan being cut off (being unable to escape through the inclosing fence), he cast the bodies of the entire clan in a fire and burned them. The ashes he swallowed into his stomach (as a witchcraft medicine). Catching up his wife, he went away; on the journey killing other clans, including all of that tribe, and destroying all their towns.

He and his wife then settled down in a new place. They built houses; they cleared the forest for a plantation; they planted, and they increased with many children. And he was honored in his vengeance.

Saluke-na-Dibadi, even when he was an infant, thus avenged his father's first wife, who was killed by Nyangwa-Nkwati, who was jealous of her.

VIII

A PSYCHIC MYSTERY

NOTE:—In native African belief, our Human Personality consists of four entities: 1. The physical body. 2. Its attendant material "heart-life," separate from it, but dying shortly after the body dies. 3. A "dream-soul," capable of issuing from the body at night and enjoying itself in wild wanderings, but under the limitation that it must return before daylight. 4. An immortal soul that lives in the Land of Spirits.

Slave Boyadi lay at night in an ecstasy. The unreal world, into which his being was so thoroughly lifting itself, was to him the real. Of the actually real he was apparently unconscious. Had you asked him, and could he have answered, he would not have recognized or acknowledged his surroundings. The small hut of an African slave; the little sleeping-room not eight feet square; the rough bark walls; the roof of bamboo-palm leaf thatch, so low that, standing erect, one could reach one's hand to the ridgepole; the low bed-frame made of two longitudinal poles resting on four crotched sticks as corners, and on

these laterally, the width of the frame, smooth palm-fronds, their inequalities leveled and somewhat softened by a mat or two of woven pandanus leaves. The walls were bare, save that, in the narrow interstices made by the horizontal splits of bamboo to which were tied the bark strips covering the sapling framework of the hut, were stuck a few implements; a dagger, a weapon with blade some eighteen inches long and of double edge, employed for defense, and also for a score of daily uses in cutting branches from the path, vines in the forest, and weeds in the plantation farm; native-made clay pipe; tobacco pouch; hunting bag; a few yards of well-worn foreign print cloth; skins of monkeys, and of civet and other "bush" cats.

On the floor was an earthen jar of water. Leaning in a corner, a spear and a flint-lock "trade" gun. Elevated on some stones, above the easy approach of destructive white-ants that dwelt in the dampness and darkness of the clay floor, a chest or two of foreign-made boards containing the slave's little wealth of foreign trade-goods, a few beads, mirrors and other trinkets, some yards of new calico prints and shirting. Hidden among them, most precious of all, his amulet-charms of defense for protecting his own

life and furthering his own plans and enterprises, and of offense, for frustrating those of whom he was jealous, and destroying those whom he hated.

Had you seen Boyadi a few hours before, you would have observed no signs of ecstasy. Only the daylight sharply defined realities of his daily work and slave condition. That work was not in itself so hard as to be felt oppressive. Had it been so, he would have run away. Not back to the Interior, to his own far-distant tribe, for there he was a criminal; his own tribe had sold him, slavery commuting a death penalty. Nor to any of the other interior tribes, for they were cannibal, and he would probably, as a waif, have soon been the subject of a cannibal feast. But to any of the coast-wise adjacent more civilized tribes; for there his life was safe, though he would still be a slave, property of the first one who should find him. The only difference in his life would be an exchange of masters, and perhaps for the worse. His present owner was not severe. Given that Boyadi helped tie bamboo when a house was being built, or that he was on hand to paddle his master's canoe, or carry his gun and other impedimenta on a journey, or respond to the capricious call of that master's chief-wife in her kitchen work; or, twice a year to do the heavy part of

falling forest for a new plantation, he was left much to his own devices: to cultivate his own little garden, to idle with the other idlers, free and slave, to whom idling was the chief of life's occupations, to sit in the public Reception-house smoking, with the other smokers, the raw native-grown tobacco, to listen to the narratives of the various travelers who came either expressly to visit his chief, or who stopped at that chief's village on their journey to more distant places. And at night he was at liberty to find comfort, that made him forget the discomforts or objurgations of the day, in the society and dances of fellow-slaves. Some of those dances were simple and unmeaning: held in his master's village for recreation and the rhythm of motion; accompanied by the regular time-beat of the ngâmâ-drum, and participated in by slave and free.

Other of these dances were religious, at the new moon, or at the installation of some new great charm. Others were diabolical and secret; were attended in lonely places, at appointed midnight hours, only by a Fraternity in the slave community, where intercourse with spirits was believed in and practiced, and whose understood purpose was to undermine the lives of their enemies.

Though Boyadi had so little to complain of in the manner with which he was treated physically by his owner and the other freemen of the village, it was his *position* as a slave that rankled in his heart. Always to be at another's will. However much he did, or however well he did it, his horizon was still only that of a slave. Good service and a moderately kind master might widen that horizon but it was still only a slave's. And always, on the edge of that horizon, hung the possibility of a wizard's death. It was not claimed in native thought that this earthly life was endless. But, practically, whenever death entered the village and took away a freeman's life, the claim was that he had died "before his time"; suspicion said, through witchcraft machinations; and suspicion almost always located itself on the slave community, for the reason that it was known that slaves did practice the Black Art, and partly because it was safer to make an accusation against a defenseless slave than against a freeman.

It resulted therefore that, just because they were defenseless, the slaves actually did practice arts in their supposed self-defense, that gave justification for the charge that they were witches and wizards. Some of their secret witchcraft orgies were only for the sake of the enjoyment of a Del-

phic frenzy, in which they really believed they had converse with and information from wild spiritual beings. In others, there was a reckless practice of this thought: If we are some day to be charged as causes of a death of which we are innocent, let us at least have the satisfaction of revenge in advance, of working away the life of some of the men and women who do make our lives hard. Well-known poisons placed in an enemy's food could promptly have served their revenge; but it was hazardous: proof of guilt could too readily be accumulated.

So, that day, Boyadi, in going about the village, and in strolling on plausible errands to other villages, had muttered cabalistic words, or made a fraternity sign to chosen fellow-slaves, male and female, directing them to meet that night at a known place in the forest, for a Witches' Sabbath, with intimation of a "Feast." In the glare of day, their first and most prominent thought was the sense of freedom involved in the midnight excursion,—the sweetness with which secrecy surrounds itself,—the revel of a dance. Beyond that was the Spiritualism thoroughly believed in; so thoroughly, that it, for the time, became real, and substituted itself for the actual; a substitution incongruous, illogical, but, to them, perfectly

satisfactory. This thought of the Beyond grew in each of these debased minds during the time that would elapse before the hour of their witch-tryst. It grew and spread as leaven into every part of their nature, physical, moral and spiritual. Until, as they each lay down in their respective huts that night, they were utterly dominated by it, each passing more or less into the self-induced state in which Boyadi was lying.

Boyadi was not a philosopher. His intellect knew nothing of Systems. He had had no education but that which borders on the brute instincts,—the animal outlook for self-preservation and self-interest. The moral line of right and wrong existed but faintly. It was not difficult to readjust the faint line, so that wrong became right. And the spiritual had ever been so obvious, in the spirit inhabiting each great tree or rock; in the cry of some birds; in the very ekale-mambo tremor of a muscle that gave him premonitions of coming events,—in the flashing of a ghost across his path, that there was to him no essential difference between body and spirit. He was *sure* spirits talked to him; he was sure there were times when Himself had emerged from him, and had gone whirling with other spirits; and had come back again to him and to his body. Not being a

philosopher, he had not heard, by name, of self-hypnotism, or of Astral bodies, or of Mahatmas, or of Subjective and Objective, or of Ego and Alter-Ego. But he knew, and felt, and believed, and was sure of all these as immense realities. He was not conscious how that, in the intense exclusive occupation by that one thought and expectation for the night, his weak little mind had readily succumbed to Desire and Will. And he was actually seeing the Unseen.

So he was lying in his ecstasy on his hard bamboo bed, unappreciative of and unrecognizing the rough bark wall, or the smoke of the smoldering fire on the clay floor, or the occasional rat that scurried across the room, and that even gnawed at the thick skin of the soles of his feet. He was not sleeping. But his physical senses were asleep. Had you touched him, his body was warm but rigid. Had you spoken to or shaken him, he would not have answered or resisted. His eyes were staring, fixed as if on some distant object. His breathing was quick and irregular, as if under suppressed excitement. As the appointed hour drew near that excited breathing increased in intensity, and his limbs threw themselves in spasms, not apparently voluntarily, but as if caused by some force *ab extra*.

Suddenly he rose, and seemed to move, rather than walk, to the low fastened door of the hut.

. . . And then a Being, whom you would assert was Boyadi, was standing in the village street. You did not see the door opened. It was still fastened. Boyadi, if asked, would not have admitted that he had even touched it. Nor would he the next day have admitted that he had been out of the hut the entire night. But, there, Himself was standing in the middle of the long street of the village.

The cool night air, playing on his face, was like a dash of cold water to one unconscious. Himself consciously moved to the open prairie, on whose edge the village was built. Had he been able to answer you, he would have told you that Boyadi's Body was lying asleep in his hut. And yet, out on the prairie, whither other Forms were moving toward himself for the appointed "Sabbath", Himself knew of a Form that was carrying in its one hand a torch tied to a long pole, and with the other was feeling in a pouch for Indian hemp leaves. How had these come to his hands? That pouch was at that very time hanging in his hut. That torch had been prepared and hidden yesterday. You did not see him pick it up. Nor had he consciously done so.

Nor had he memory of having prepared it. He would tell you that Boyadi, sleeping in that hut, had done so yesterday; but that Himself had not. He had never heard anything about Cerebration, conscious or unconscious.

As himself saw those other selves moving toward a common center on the prairie, again his blood seemed to course rapidly; heart to beat high, and a wild exultation made him wish to shout for very sense of unlimitation. But, incongruously and illogically, Himself had strength not to make an outcry so near the village. Those other selves met himself; one had a flint and steel; another had a long mid-rib of plantain leaf, its pith forced out by a long pliable bamboo; another had the wide bowl of a native pipe which he fastened on to the end of that mid-rib; and others had torches. They smoked in successive long-drawn whiffs of the hashisch leaves, swallowing its smoke into their lungs. It substituted, for what little mental recognition and physical control by this time existed among them, a wild, joyous, exaggerated, brilliant vision of whatever had been in their thought just preceding, and energized the muscular performance of whatever intent had been in their hearts. That intent was for their rendezvous in the forest, for their Spirit

Dance, and for their "Feast." Unconsciously conscious they moved across the prairie. So happy! They were no longer slaves! They were not working! They were playing! And it was so easy to play when they were no longer burdened with their tired, dirty, maimed Bodies which they had left behind them as stolid, solid, motionless existences in their fastened huts.

But if these Forms were not those same beings who had definite names when they were at their slave-tasks during the day-time, such as Boyadi, Eningwe, Bojuka, Animba, and Ziza, and the rest of them, of what use were the torches? And why should These who were not Those have any need for material things? It is true they did not need the torches for light. They could see in the dark; but, if you can gain their confidence to-morrow, they will secretly admit to you that it is a pleasure, even for Forms such as They, to frighten People by the exaggerated reports belated travelers have given in the villages, of strange lights, seen on the edge of forests, near the haunts of wild animals, slowly creeping over the earth and then suddenly mounting upward. Such reports served to keep the other People away from the Witches' Ground. Such confirmations of beliefs in Magic Power

helped to throw a glamour of respect for, or at least fear of, those who might be suspected of being play-mates of these awful Fires. Persons who had seen the dancing fires told of them with bated breath. Little children standing by, who overheard, hid their terrified faces in their mothers' breasts.

Perhaps those torches were not altogether useless. Leopards prowl at that same hour of night. But leopards are afraid to attack a company, or one who carries a light.

Boyadi's Self and those other Selves went on their way intoxicated with immensity. They owned everything. Everything was coming to them. They did not seem to walk. They glided; like the spirits with which they felt themselves talking and laughing. How they did laugh! No longer suppressedly, as when near the village. As they entered the forest, they made it ring with peals of infernal joy. Were they not going to a Feast? The joy bubbled and plunged as a cataract from their extended mouths, leaving an actual foam on their lips. They were not afraid. Boa constrictors were there, and the deadly cerastes with its horrid, horned head, and black scorpions. But Boa glided away in silence; and Cerastes only showed its fangs and lay dormant;

and scorpion withdrew to its hole. They trod on thorns, and did not feel the pain. Owls hooted at them, the fateful owl whose cry others dreaded as ill omen. In reply, they burst into obstreperous merriment, and imitated the hoot. Was it not one of their own Fraternity calls? In a dark glade they stopped. They built a fire. It was not needed for warmth. But it was necessary with which to compound their charm. And it would please the demon eyes of certain Guests who were even then joining them. And was not fire the very essence-symbol of their ghost-life? Around it, in a circle, seizing hands with those shadowy guests, they swung in their mystic dance, moving faster and faster to a wild u-la-lu chant, and a time-beat of hands clapping on hand or thigh. Faster they whirled. Their chant-recitative told of indignities their bodies had suffered. And their chorus burst, "E ga yuwi njuwaga" (let him dying die), of persons whom they hated; "E ga yuwi kě" (and let him die); of revenges they had been nursing. "And let him dying die." Each contributed to the charm they were to work. A leopard's claw, for power; a gazelle's gall-bag, for artfulness; pieces of clothing or hair of those against whom they would machinate, for personal control; and leaves and ashes of poisonous plants,

and bones of small animals; all to be finally mixed under a favorable moon.

Then their song rang higher; and as they whirled themselves in uncontrollable ecstasy, the Guests, whose aid they sought, came visibly to their fiendish imaginations. Were not these spirits always around them? And did it need more, in order to converse and plan with them, than to step out of their own physicals, and meet on even ground those spirituals? Barred doors were then no obstacle. Nor did they then need to walk. Had they not been seen flying over tree-tops, destroying space and time?

Suddenly the dance stopped, and one shouted, "Who has meat?" Boyadi's Self said, "I have." "Where?" "In Onanga's village." "Who?" "Onanga's son."

And then what a shout went tearing through the forest! "E! E! Onanga-e. Ewe! Wa juwi! Thou art dead! Thou art dead!" In a rush and a whirl, as of a blast from the breath of a Fiend, they went scurrying, leaping, plunging. Look, are they not actually flying through the air, under the strong blast of that spirit of the Power of the Air? . . . They are sitting quietly in the street of Onanga's village. It is the very dead of night. The early morning

hour when mankind are in their heaviest sleep; when the sick most readily die; when thieves go forth to steal; when beast of prey makes his fatal leap. And these Beings, crouching there in the street, seem no longer like human beings. Their very motion is maniacal; their very tones are snarls; every muscle of their forms is twitching with expectation; their faces seared and torn and disfigured with passion of demoniacal possession, scarcely recognizable as the stolid serfs, known during the day-time by their names as Boyadi and Eningwe and Bojuka and Animba and Ziza and the rest.

Said one Being, "Bring the meat!"

Onanga's son Avila was lying asleep in good health. Onanga was not Boyadi's master. But he was a hard man; and his son was haughty and proud. He had lately struck Boyadi, because Boyadi, saying, "You are not my master," had refused to carry a burden that son had laid on him. Did I say Avila was lying in his own house sleeping in good health? He is, and he is not. Verily, a Body, called Avila, is lying in his bed, restless and in pain. And a Form, which Onanga himself would assert is Avila's, is lying in the village street. Which is Avila? And how did this Form come thus suddenly into the street? The

door to Avila's house is closed, and fastened inside. No one has been seen going in or out of that house. Boyadi perhaps could tell. How? Boyadi says Himself does not regard doors and fastenings. And they are sitting now silent, on and about the Avila-form in the middle of the street. They are not afraid they shall be seen. They are not afraid of anything. The black silent night, to ordinary beings, is fearful; and the lonely scream of a night bird; the sudden bellow of a hippopotamus; the mournful cry of a lemur, would startle others; but not them. They are greedily putting into their horrid mouths something phosphorescent which they seem to pull by handfuls from that helpless form. When they have gorged themselves, they wiped their lips, and their lips are red, as with blood! Boyadi snatches a Thing from that Form; against his so doing the others make only a slight protest. You are uncertain why they protest. Whether from a little sense of pity, which even Infernals may have; or from jealousy that he had appropriated that particular Thing.

Suddenly Boyadi disappears; at the same moment the Form disappears. Then Boyadi returned to the now standing group. And one, looking eastward, suddenly cried, "Nyalangwe! The morning comes!"

The ecstasy was passing. Reaction will soon drag back to reality. An undefined sense of fear gave wings to their feet; and they stealthily, yet rapidly, stole back separately to their huts. . . .

On the morrow, there was a great outcry in Onanga's village. Avila lay tossing in pain. No coherent words; no reply to inquiry. Mourning friends crowded the house. The news was carried by swift messengers to distant villages of remote relatives, who hastened to show their family unity by coming to look on the dying one. For the native uganga said he was dying. But of what disease? So sudden in its coming! So obscure in its symptoms! Because obscure, all the more reason why it should find its diagnosis in the region of Witchcraft. Yes, witchcraft is suspected! It is announced! It is certain!

The doctor has looked into his magic mirror, and has seen several Things eating Avila's life. But those Things did not eat all of his life, for Avila still breathes and speaks words. But it is not Avila Himself that speaks. If Himself was in Avila's body himself would speak proper words. So, evidently one of those Things has possession of Avila's Heart-Life. Avila will die if the heart-life is not given back. Let there be a witchcraft investigation, to find whether that

Thing was a person, and who that person is; for that Thing looked like a man. If discovered, the wizard shall be put to death with torture.

Boyadi, Eningwe, Bojuka, Animba, Ziza and the others were again owners of their human names; and they looked a little guiltily at each other, as the witchcraft suspicions began to crystallize and localize. They had only a hazy memory of that night of demoniac intoxication. But they were quite certain they were not now flying over tree-tops. Some had a dim memory that they had protested to Boyadi about a certain Thing. But Boyadi was glad for Avila's sickness. He would be pleased to hear of his death.

Days went by, and Avila grew weaker and weaker. As the actual search for the person who had "bewitched" him began, the Fraternity became frightened.

Again they called a meeting; with the same intense desire and expectation; but now, for a reversal of the charm, and for the return of Avila's heart-life, to save their own lives before suspicion should fall on them. They met with the same ecstasy, not now for revenge, but for self-preservation; with the same intense concentration of thought; the same vivid realization of Spiritual aid and Spiritual presence, only possible where be-

lief in Spiritual Beings fills every daily thought from earliest childhood. There followed, too, the same wild joy that came with their sense of release from physical limitations. And a diligent search for curatives, with which to antagonize some of the contents of the former charm. But there was no Feast in view. They said, "Boyadi, give It back. If we are accused, we will not die alone. We will name you. Give It back." They scattered to their own places. And Boyadi, still intoxicated with his sense of the possession of a Great Thing, but somewhat burdened with the responsibility of It, moved noiselessly away in the shadow to Onanga's village. When the watchers at Avila's bedside, oppressed with sleep, no longer watched, he entered. He rubbed something on Avila's side, and laid a powder in Avila's nostrils, and squeezed a juice into Avila's lips, and pressed a soft red Thing into the pores of Avila's forehead and chest. And Avila slept a sleep of health, and awoke next day, fever gone, mind clear, and on the road to recovery, to the joy of his relatives; and to the glory of the doctor who had so ably checkmated the machinations of the witches! But there was a mystery about the sudden recovery that he did not try to explain.

Perhaps Boyadi could have enlightened him.

IX

VOICES OF AN AFRICAN TROPIC NIGHT

Journeying by boat on the Ogowe, I heard a strange outcry in the forest; so strange, that I was not sure, at the moment, whether it came from man or beast or bird. My crew told me it was a bird. I expressed my surprise, and remarked to one of them who understood the word that the sounds were like those of a person shrieking in *hysteria*. He laughed, and said it was somewhat so; that the bird, startled at some noise, cries out with a series of screams each louder and in quicker succession, until it falls, temporarily choked by its own emotion. I then remarked on the variety of noises heard by day. The man then asked me whether I had noticed the greater variety heard at night.

When living at the seaside on Corisco Island, on my first arrival there in 1861, among the day-sounds, I had been actually distressed by the booming of the waves, day and night, as they

dashed themselves into certain caves on the western shore. The rocky head-lands of the island were composed of horizontal strata of several kinds of rock of different degrees of hardness. The softer strata had been worn away, making caves with entrances eight or ten feet high, and twelve or fifteen feet in depth. As the waves at high tide swung in on the top of the Atlantic roll, they suddenly compressed themselves and the air in those caves with an explosion like a cannon shot. At night, at first, my sleep was much broken by those violent reports. But subsequently, I became used to and ceased to notice them.

There were other sounds, by both day and night, both on the coast and in the interior, that came from human sources, especially the drum and song that always accompanied the dances of the natives. There is scarcely any melody in those songs; they are in unison, in octaves of the several registers of the human voice. But the drum-beats are in exact time.

My boatman's remark drew my attention to night-sounds of the interior. Not all of those sounds would be heard by all persons; few would voluntarily stay awake all night to listen. But I often had occasion in my pioneering, as I glided

on the river in my boat or canoe, in night journeys, or, more markedly, in the lonely watchings by a sick bed-side. On the journeys, perhaps my attention might be distracted by the songs or conversation of the crew, or the click of paddles. But in a silent room, with the shaded light, on a lonely watch by a sick friend's bed-side, there was much in the situation to accentuate whatever sounds came from the outside.

As the invariable six o'clock equatorial sun sets, all the lower creation, especially the Birds, hastily prepare for the approach of darkness. They are coming from their feeding-places, and are flying unerringly to their nests; hundreds of the red-tailed gray parrots found only in Africa, squawking in the labored flight of their quickly beating wings; Toucans or Horn-bills hoarsely cawing; swallows twittering, with crowds of other birds, among them the almost silent pelicans and herons. By 6:30 the day is done. And by 7 P. M., the night is dark, except in the moonlight portion of the month. But the darkness is ornamented with the glint of Fire-flies. Some natives say that these are disembodied human spirits, who have lost their way on the path to the Other World, and are vainly waving their lanterns, if haply they may find the road. There are the hum-

ming Mosquitoes, not prevalent everywhere, but, in low lying districts, densely so. And the strident Katy-dids, contradicting each other, not in native Bantu, but in English, that they "did" and they "didn't." The Bats, that all day had been hanging head downwards by their wing-claws, are out, with the querulous cries ejected from the ever-open mouth of their vampire-like heads. They are gnawing at the ripe fruit on the mangoe trees, or dashing with angular flight in pursuit of insects. Often, these, attracted by a light in a room, troop through an open window to circle in the vicinity of the lamp. The bat, in his headlong pursuit, follows, but is dazed by the light; the alarm he causes to the human occupants of the room, lest in his blundering movements he entangle himself in their hair, is probably equaled by his own anxiety to escape from the room. Frogs, in the marshes, ponds, and shallow streams, are croaking all over the gamut, from bass and baritone, through alto and soprano, to shrill falsetto. Their noise is bearable, since we know that they are man's ally by their feeding on the malaria-carrying mosquito, their neighbors in the same pool.

About 8 P. M., listen to that strange cry! The wail of the "Transformed Matricide" which,

when I first heard it, struck me as the most unbearably sad sound I had ever heard. But, subsequently, the impression of the intensity of the sadness of that wail diminished, as I became accustomed to it. Its long low sob swells into a crescendo for several seconds, and then for several seconds in a diminuendo, dying away, to be repeated a few minutes later. Natives said it was a Snail. I could not believe that. In successive years, I have supposed it to be a Bird or a Lemur, or possibly a Chameleon. It is still a mystery to me. I can think only of the native legend that that creature was a child transformed to a snail as a punishment for having killed its mother; and that, in remorse, it is always crying, "Ah me! I killed my mother!"

There is a herd of Hippopotami coming from the shallows of the river where they had been lying all day, to feed on the grasses by the river bank and on open islands, or preferably on the plantations of the natives. The leader is snorting defiance to other males; or, a pair of them fighting are tearing the night air with their furious roars of anger and pain, the note being a combined bellow of a bull and a snort of a horse, magnified many times. It is terrifying to meet these open-mouthed beasts when one is in a boat

or canoe on the river. They are met with mostly only when the water is low, and they lie in the very channels where the boats must go. On land, there is some hope of escape by flight from a wild beast. In boat or canoe, one is helpless in the presence of that fearfully wide mouth that can crush a canoe like an eggshell or bite out a boat's side, or from below upheave it and upset it. They are difficult to kill. A bullet must be very accurately planted in its head, or the wounded beast becomes doubly furious. But its flesh is tender, making very good beefsteak. They are more safely hunted by lying in ambush near their runways on land as they come ashore at night.

There are blood-curdling yells and shouts and screams of a troop of Chimpanzees. But, when one is assured that they are only chimpanzees, there is room for humor. One may laugh, if one thinks of them as a howling mob of school-boys, striking, fighting, protesting, pleading, whooping, objurgating and shouting in either defiance or victory, the while that all these sounds for a little space cease, and then is heard only the whimpering of the beaten ones in their enforced subjection.

About 9 P. M., a Lemur, from its tree-top, announces that he is about to descend for his nightly

raid in search of food. His cry is three sobs, ascending in the scale, repeated several times, as he climbs down the bark of the tree, and ceases as he reaches the ground.

Later in the evening, by 10 o'clock, all these sounds either cease or become fewer. But what of them are yet heard seem the more distinct, because of the otherwise surrounding quiet. Occasionally there will be a Monkey's angry chatter, because of his sleep having been broken by a playful companion pulling his tail or tweaking his ear. Or, some alarmed big Bird croaks, its sleep having been disturbed by a restless mate, or a passing traveler, or a broken tree branch.

And now come the Beasts of Prey! There is the agonized scream of a wild bird or a domestic fowl seized by a Genet, the common "bush-cat." This little leopard-like cat itself has only a small mew, but it makes its presence known by its victim's dying cry as it gnaws at its throat.

A Leopard's cry is startling, as of a human being in pain. A goat or dog or even human beings are deceived and attracted by it to their death. Fortunately for the safety of these lower animals, with their power of scent greater than of human beings, the very pronounced odor of the leopard, carried by the wind, is a warning, of

which the lower animals avail themselves for flight and escape. Natives, in their belief of metempsychosis, think that some evil-disposed people are able to change themselves into the form of a leopard, acquiring all the power and agility and tastes of the beast, the while they retain their human intelligence and responsibility. It is believed that many murders are committed by these so-called "man-leopards."

Then comes the Midnight Rest of all creation: the Silence of the Night, as time's bell strikes the final death of the day, and there is a short intermission in the chorus of the Night Animals, that is broken only by an occasional solo; the hoarse quack of some startled Water-fowl; or the gurgling bark of the Gavial-crocodile, plunging from its sleep on a log into the water; or the blood-chilling hoot of an Owl. With what superstitious fear the natives regard it! If your native friend is sitting with you at the time, do not say, "Owl." Do not even refer to the fact that you heard it!

The sounds during the forenoon had sometimes been alarming. But this dark Silence of the Midnight is even awful.

Human life, physiologists tell us, reaches its lowest ebb of vitality about 1 A. M. "The dolo-

rous weird hour when Fear stalks abroad, and sick people die." Watching by the sick, there has come to me the Death-wail from some other adjacent village. When I first heard that wail, long ago, I thought it the most utterly sad sound I had ever heard, excepting the mysterious cry of that transformed matricide. I have become accustomed to the latter; and, pathetic as it is, I am no longer overcome by it. But this Deathwail, though I have since learned that there is little sincerity in it, still affects me in a most depressing manner. It is the outcry of all oriental mourners. Commencing with a sharp outburst, before even the life of the sick one is actually extinct, the cry is repeated in a series of short agonized screams; then there are frenzied apostrophes, and pleadings for the dead to come back, renunciations of all hope of ever again seeing any joy, and long-drawn-out wails that bear down into one's heart with their utter pathos. They are unspeakably sad, and unforgettably haunting in their depressing effect.

About 3 A. M., almost all the animals, whose voices were heard in the previous hours of the night (except of those like the owl and leopard, that are especially beasts and birds of prey) issue forth again to their feeding and drinking places.

The domestic Fowls and a few Wild Fowls give their usual forewarning (the "first cock-crowing") of the morning; not of the coming of the sun (that is to be repeated later) but of the light of at least the one star whose name all natives know, Nya-la-ngwa, the Morning Star.

As 5 A. M. approaches, Elephants trumpet, Gorillas roar, Hippopotami snort, and Antelopes bark, as they quarrel at their feeding places. Most distressingly for the native women, these places are often at their gardens. Some times the destructions of one night sweep away the labor and hope of food of six months. For this reason, the women keep several gardens in succession, to save their families from starvation.

Before 5:30 A. M. a Partridge, the Ngwai, with red legs and red bill, pipes its announcement of the coming sun. It never speaks during the daytime, except on some dark days when it mistakes the time of day. And the Lemur that came sobbing, climbing down its tree at 9 o'clock last night, climbs up, sobbing again.

At the regular 6 A. M. sunrise, the forest denizens, especially the Beasts, subside into quietness; but the Birds (besides the domestic ones) that live in the vicinity of the villages, twitter, and chirp, and whistle, and try to sing. But scarcely

any of them, except the Mocking-bird, have a continued melody, or a succession of sounds long enough to dignify them as a song.

The social Weaver-birds, in their fear of snakes, venture to live near mankind. They weave, from strips of plantain leaves, their nests pendent from the fronds of the coco and other palms near the village huts. Snakes would not only find difficulty from their bodies' weight on those swaying fronds, but the spines between the bases of the leaflets would wound their bodies in an attempt at crawling over them. These weaver-birds, more distinctly than even the domestic fowls, are the connecting link between night and day. They are entirely silent at night, but, starting with their welcome of the sun, they twitter all the day. The females are very plainly feathered, but the males are brilliant, resembling orioles in coloring. With them are also some perfectly black ones, which the natives say are the "slaves" of the others. I suppose them to be a friendly species living in peace with them, as is known to be the habit of some other birds and animals.

To a nervous person, the sitting all night almost alone in the presence of these various voices would be very trying and even impossible to be

borne without suffering. For myself, these sounds, while they were sometimes alarming, often depressing, were never exhausting on my calmer nerves. I listened. And I learned a lesson: "These all wait upon Him that He may give them their meat in due season." Those voices of the night, of which we human beings, in our sleep, are unconscious, may teach us anxious children of the day a lesson of trust in the Everlasting Arms and that Loving Wisdom that guides and directs and cares for the least of His creatures.

A book of remarkable values is Dr. Nassau's work, "In an Elephant Corral." The author is a man of acute powers of observation, and he is painstaking in his use of facts and detail; he not only handles words with nicety, but he is careful that the total impression conveyed by those words is one of truth. He assumes nothing. He knows, or he is silent. With such a man there is no middle ground. To his mind words are neither toys nor ornaments; facts are not plastic, gossip is not information, and the end of literature is not personal vanity. This clarity of mind and of character, this elevation of feeling and of purpose, give his writings a subtle charm, and since he is a trained writer, he becomes, by virtue of his simple directness, a really great literary artist. Which is probably the very last thing that Dr. Nassau thinks himself.

For forty-five years Dr. Nassau has lived on the coast of West Africa, in intimate touch with native life, as a missionary. The missionary knows native life as the trader, the soldier, and the official can never know it. The trader is there to exploit the native; the soldier is there to shoot him; the official, to make him "keep his place"; but the missionary is there to *live with him*, to teach him

sau threw all the powers of his rich mental life,—his tremendous interest in everything that the sun shines on, his poetic imagination, his keen sympathy with man and beast and bird, all his powers of organization and ingenuity, his trust and his fight (he is a fine fighter), and out of these years has come this fascinating book.

It is not exactly a book of sketches, and certainly it is not a book of stories, nor yet of essays. It's of its own sort,—a series of candid narratives of the way native Africans corral and kill marauding elephants; of the difficulties of capturing gorillas alive, or even dead; of the hippopotamus as a fighter; of the superstitions of the natives, and their ideas of soul-life; and, best of all, the closing essay-sketch, "Voices of an African Tropic Night," could have been written only by a poet, and a man who loves solitude and the unlit, silent spaces.

On the whole, a book of remarkable values, and destined to live.

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